

FEBRUARY,

1884.

ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED

HOME MAGAZINE



Vol. LII.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON,
PHILADELPHIA.

No. 2.

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FIGURE
No. 8967,
illuminated
in 8 sizes
and may be
or in a sin-
ment of o-
require 7
yards 48 i

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY, 1884:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

Notice is hereby given that patents have been applied for upon the ensuing patterns.—
THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].



FIGURE No. 1.—MISSSES' COSTUME.

FIGURE No. 1.—This consists of Misses' costume No. 8967, which is represented in a combination of illuminated suit goods and velvet. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and may be developed in a combination of materials or in a single fabric, as desired. To make the garment of one material for a miss of 12 years, will require 7 yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



FIGURE No. 2.—MISSSES' POLONAISE COSTUME.

FIGURE No. 2.—This consists of Misses' polonaise No. 8978, and skirt No. 8082. The patterns are each in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age: the polonaise costing 30 cents; and the skirt, 25 cents. To make the costume for a miss of 12 years, will require $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide; the skirt calling for $3\frac{1}{2}$, and the polonaise for $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Of material 48 inches wide, the skirt requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard; and the polonaise, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



8982

Front View.

8983

LADIES' BASQUE.

No. 8983.—The engraving represents a handsome style of dress-body, developed in dark green cloth, with buttons and pipings for trimming. Its shapeliness is obtained by means of gracefully curved darts and seams, and the ornamental sections upon the skirt portion of the body and at the wrists of the sleeves are provided by the pattern. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of goods 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



8982

Back View.

LADIES' POLONAISE.

No. 8982.—This pattern is suitable for the development of any fashionable material, with any desired decoration. Brocaded silk was selected in the present instance, and a handsome bow of satin ribbon is placed upon the left hip over the plaited end of the right front-drapery. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, will require $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



8981

Front View.

8981

Back View.

8985

Front View.

8985

Back View.

CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 8981.—This pattern is in 5 sizes from 2 to 6 years. For a child of 6 years, it needs $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide, with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of lining 36 inches wide. Price, 25 cts.

BOYS' COSTUME.

No. 8985.—This pattern is in 5 sizes for boys from 3 to 7 years of age. Of one material for a boy of 5 years, it needs $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



8967

Front View.

8970

Front View.

8970

Back View.

8967

Side-Back View.

GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 8970.—The pattern to this tastefully constructed garment is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age. It may be made up in any fashionable suiting, but is especially nice for cloths, silks, Surahs and light woolen fabrics. For a girl of 8 years, it requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

MISSES' COSTUME.

No. 8967.—Plain and brocaded goods are stylishly united in the present instance, but other combinations are equally appropriate. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 12 years, it requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of contrasting goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of the one and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of the other 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



8964

Right Side-Front View.

8980

Front View.

8980

Back View.

CHILD'S COSTUME.

No. 8980.—The pattern to this costume is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the garment for a child of 6 years, will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide for the skirt and jacket, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of silk 20 inches wide for the plastron and collar, with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of lining 36 inches wide for the waist. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



8964

Left Side-Back View.

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 8964.—Plain cashmere and Saxony embroidery comprise the material and decoration used in the present formation of this garment, and the decorations are both effective and stylish in their disposal. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs $9\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



8992

Front View.

**LADIES' BASQUE, WITH
WATERFALL BACK-
DRAPERY.**

No. 8992.—The engraving illustrates a style of dress-body that promises to be a leading favorite among this season's fashions. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs 6½ yards of goods 22 inches wide, with ¼ yard of silk 20 inches wide for the puff. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



8992

Back View.

FIGURE NO. 3.—CHILD'S COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 3.—This consists of Child's costume No. 8980. Navy blue velvet and Surah of the same shade are the materials used in the present instance for this stylish costume, and its decorations consist of ruffles and cuff-facings of the Surah. The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. To make the costume of one material for a child of 6 years, will require 4½ yards 22 inches wide, or 1½ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



8978

Front View.

MISSES' POLONAISE.

No. 8978.—This fashion is particularly effective and exceedingly becoming to the youthful wearer. In this instance it is pictured as made of illuminated cloth, with several rows of machine stitching as decoration. Braid, embroidery, trimming bands of chenille or fur, or any similar garniture may be adopted. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 16 years of age. To make the garment for a miss of 12 years, will require 5½ yards of material 22 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



8978

Back View.

The Publishers of the **HOME MAGAZINE** will supply any of the foregoing Patterns post-paid, on receipt of price.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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1884.

VOLUME 52.

**ARTHUR'S
ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.**

It is gratifying to know that our efforts to give the public a thoroughly pure, useful, and yet highly attractive magazine, designed especially for home-reading and culture, is meeting with so much favor and that the circle of its readers is constantly widening.

Established over thirty years ago by T. S. Arthur, who still remains its editor, "THE HOME MAGAZINE" has been during all that period a welcome visitor in thousands of American homes, and to-day has a stronger hold upon the people than ever. Younger and fresher talent unite with the editor's maturer judgment in keeping the magazine always up to the advancing tastes and the home and social culture of the times. Its increasing popularity is seen in its steadily growing subscription list, which is larger, with a single exception, than that of any literary monthly in Philadelphia.

ATTRACTIVE FEATURES: As an inexpensive magazine of high character it has no rival.

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GENERAL LITERATURE: While the merely sensational is carefully avoided, the serial and shorter stories which appear in the HOME MAGAZINE are distinguished for that interest, pathos, and fine sentiment which give to fiction so powerful a hold upon the imagination.

Its pages also contain finely illustrated articles on a great variety of subjects—Natural History, Travel, Science, Art, Biography, Curious and Notable Things, etc., thus offering the reader in an attractive form information on a large number of interesting matters.

HOW WOMEN CAN EARN MONEY.—A series of highly practical and suggestive articles by Mrs. Ella Rodman Church, author of "Money Making for Ladies," will be commenced in the January number.

HOME DEPARTMENTS.—In addition to the General Literary Department of the Magazine many pages are devoted to home and household affairs. These are "The Home Circle," "The Mothers' Department," "Religious Reading," "Art at Home," "Health Department," "Fancy Needlework," "Temperance Department," "Boys' and Girls' Treasury," "Fashion Notes," "Hints to Housekeepers," etc., etc.

ART AT HOME.—In this department considerable space is given to the subjects of home decoration and art needlework. It is under the care of a person in full sympathy with the new developments in art culture which are doing so much to render our homes beautiful, and to furnish light and agreeable employment for hands which might else lie idle.

A SAFE MAGAZINE.—The pages of the HOME MAGAZINE are kept absolutely free from everything that can deprave the taste or lower the moral sentiment. It is, therefore, a pure and safe magazine.

A MAGAZINE FOR THE PEOPLE.—It is in complete sympathy with that truly American home-life which rests on virtue, economy, temperance, and neighborly good-will. It aims to promote happiness in the family through the cultivation of a spirit of kindness, service, and self-forgetfulness in every member of the household.

A FIELD PECULIARLY ITS OWN.—Our magazine is not the competitor or rival of any other magazine. It seeks to occupy a field peculiarly its own, and to work in that field in its own way, but always with the end of making wiser, better, and happier all who give it a welcome to their homes.

BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS.—Every number of the HOME MAGAZINE contains from four to eight pages of Butterick's Ladies' and Children's fashion illustrations, with the prices at which patterns of any of the garments illustrated will be supplied. This feature of our magazine makes it of especial interest to ladies everywhere.

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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. LII.

FEBRUARY, 1884.

No. 2.



MADONNA DI SAN SISTO.

RAPHAEL AT URBINO.

RAPHAEL'S city is set upon the crest of one of the wildest of the Central Apennines. Three roads approach it—from Pesaro and the Adriatic, from Tuscany, from Umbria; and from each this Condottiere's stronghold, so often sacked and taken, appears impregnable. It is indeed designed by Nature to be the fortress of a captain of free-lances; commanding all the country round, the pass of the Furlo, the pass of Lamole, as well as the descent to the Adriatic. Romagna,

VOL. LII.—6.

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bustling streets. The site of the Piazza, that of the Corte, and as much as possible of the town, has been carefully leveled; the streets are covered with arcades; the people talk, not like mountaineers, but with the thick, heavy accent of Romagna. It is only when we leave the Piazza del Mercato and the court, when we climb the black, rugged back-streets, with their desolate, endless views of surging hills, that we remember our first impression. For Urbino, the stronghold and fort, is also, and yet more visibly, Urbino, the most enlightened court of the most enlightened despots of the Italian Renaissance.

The Corte of Urbino is, at first sight, more like a French château than an Italian fortress. It is

cade. Once inside, it is impossible to imagine a more enchanting summer-house for princes. You walk through Baccio's lovely court up the wide staircase with the exquisite stone-carving, down the imposing corridor friezed with the emblems and engines of war, into the large, cool rooms, with their colored friezes and carved mantelpieces delicately and sparsely ornamented with loves and angels, with pots of pinks and roses, with nymphs and heroes. The whole aspect of the place is that of delicate, restrained elegance. The fineness and slenderness of the ornamentation are everywhere remarkable. There is only a little carving, a frieze to the mantelpiece, a cornice to the windows, a lintel to the door; but that is of the most

exquisite and fantastic beauty, is arabesque in which every curve and every line is as harmonious as music.

Such is the palace that Federigo di Montefeltro, the greatest Condottiere of his age, built. Here was collected the finest library of the Renaissance; here dwelt that urbane, cultured, and righteous court, which served as a model to Christendom. It was natural that artists and men of letters should collect to such a place. But, at the end of the fifteenth century, the most distinguished painter native to Urbino was a certain Giovanni Santi, or Sanzio, the son of old Sante, the corn merchant, a young painter well known at the court, who lived with his father in a good, airy house at the best end of the Strada del Monte. The young man was not only a painter, but a carver and gilder; not only a carver,



THE MADONNA DELLA SEDIA.

a large, irregular building, with round tourelles, broken up into many masses of different heights; so we see it from the Capuchin Road, where Raphael drew it in his sketch-book, now at Venice. From this point, nothing could be more beautiful and various than its aspect, with the dome of the Cathedral crowning its spire and towers. In front, from the Piazza, the Corte is more regular and less picturesque. From this side the first view is a little disappointing. The proportions are beautiful, but neither solemn nor impressive; and, since much of the stone-facing has never been supplied to the brick façade, it wears, despite the exquisite workmanship of the cornices, an unfinished air. So much for the fa-

but a poet and a man of culture. He seems to have been, from the scanty records left us, a most amiable and gifted person—too anxious, perhaps, to excel in all ways at once to become pre-eminent in any; and so naturally sweet-natured and free from envy as to have no jealousy of rival painters, but rather to adopt their excellences and try his best to use them to perfect his own ideals. This latter trait he transmitted to his son, "always imitating, always original," as Sir Joshua Reynolds declared. But Giovanni Santi neither imitated nor originated in the same degree as Raphael.

In 1482 Giovanni Santi, having earned a considerable sum of money from his frescoes at Fano, returned to Urbino and married. His wife was

the daughter of Battista Ciaola, a well-to-do merchant of the place. All that we know of her is the tradition of a sweet and gentle nature; the profile in fresco of a pure and timid Madonna's face, painted by her husband on their bedroom wall, and her singularly beautiful name—fit name for Raphael's mother—Magia. On Good Friday, 1483, falling, that year, upon the 6th of April, Raphael was born in the airy old house on the Strada del Monte. There

drive from Urbino, beyond the terrible blue gorge of the Furlo. From that gorge you seem to enter into another world. The desolate, yellow-white clay-hills of Urbino are seen no more; in front lies the beautiful, theatre-shaped valley of the Metauro, where the winding, coiling river is surely more deeply-bluely green than any other water save the sea, and the sunny meadows, starred with pink anemones, are very green and

were many people to take pride in the new-born son; for old Sante, the grandfather, lived at least to have his grandson laid in his arms; and after his death, his old wife, Elizabetta, and their daughter, Santa, stayed on in the roomy house with Giovanni, the gentle Magia, and the infant Raphael. Giovanni Santi was now the proprietor of the house in Strada del Monte, and of land and money besides. The cares of poverty never came to mar his peace or to take him from rhyming that *Chronicle of Duke Frederick* which was the hobby of his leisure. Little Raphael grew up among art and verse and courtly things, since his father's *Chronicle* brought him in contact with the circle at the palace. Indeed, Messer Paltroni, the Councillor of the late Duke, was forever about the house, and the child-duke, Guidobaldo, sat to Santi for his portrait, continuing those favors which his father had bestowed. So that Raphael, both by circumstance and inheritance, grew up with a preference for all that is lovely and of good report, all that is courtly and splendid and urbane.

But in 1491 a rude break came to this happy, beautiful existence. On the 3d of October, the aged Elizabetta died. Magia, Raphael's mother, followed her in four days; within the year Giovanni married again. His second wife was Bernardina di Parte, a rich goldsmith's daughter—a woman of harsh and impetuous nature, who never gained the heart of her gentle, delicately tempered little step-son. Soon after the marriage he took his wife and son to Cagli, a small fortified town, about five hours'



THE MADONNA DEL GRANDUCA.

fresh. Behind, on all sides, the mountains rise—mountains of limestone, snow-white, cinder-white, and delicately pink. High up in this clear, austere, sweetly tinted mountain region lies the town of Cagli—white itself, with great round bastions above.

At this time Raphael was old enough to feel the influence of his father's work, and, indeed, he always retained some of Santi's characteristics. The combination of the solid and masterly pose

of Melozzo and Piero, with the rapt expression of Perugino; the drawing of the little angels on the vault, their rounded, baby limbs drawn in circles; the love of black or dark colors lined with green; the manner of giving luminous flesh-tints (an underwash of light-red, with the lights laid on afterward, and brownish shadows)—all these things foreshadow Raphael; but most of all the selected type. The model for some of Sanzio's heads might have sat to his son—there is the same calm air of well-being, the large eye-sockets, the elevated eye-brows, the low cheek-bone and flattened cheek, the pursed mouth. It is the type of the "Madonna della Granduca" and of all Raphael's early Virgins—it is the type of Raphael himself.

He was learning, still, in his father's studio—learning of his father and of that Timoteo Viti, who afterward became his pupil's pupil—when on the 1st of August, 1494, Giovanni Santi died, still young. Raphael was left to the guardianship of his uncle, the priest, Don Bartolommeo, no disinterested friend, and to the care of a vehement and selfish step-mother. It would have gone hardly with the boy, between their quarrels and their greed, had it not been for his mother's brother, Simone Ciarla. But this loving and life-long friend interfered in Raphael's behalf, took him away from that noisy, querulous household, and looked out for a master worthy to teach a child of such genius as he believed his nephew to possess. This artist was a certain Pietro Vannucci, of Perugia, who, in Umbrian eyes, was to other painters as Francis of Assisi to other saints. Therefore, in 1495, Raphael crossed the mountains again, this time on a longer journey, to enter the studio of Perugino.

Four years afterward Raphael revisited his native city to patch up some worse than usual dissension between his guardian and his step-mother. He was now the flower of Perugino's school—a small, slender youth of sixteen, so beautiful that his fellow-students nicknamed him "Il Graziosissimo"—the pink of prettiness, as we might say. He had worked on many of Perugino's pictures, and had himself painted several small studies in distemper, which had earned great praise; but as yet his style was immature, his touch was still his master's touch. Five years later, in 1504, he came to Urbino again. In those five years he had painted almost as many famous pictures, all in Perugino's manner. He seems to have stayed some time about the court, where he made many influential friends and painted several pictures for Guidobaldo. Before he left, the Duke's sister presented him with a letter to the Gonfaloniere of Florence, bespeaking for the young painter all possible help and protection.

The new, free life there, the sight of so many masterpieces, stimulated his imagination and roused his energy. Raphael the pupil became at

once, suddenly, Raphael the master. Almost the first picture he painted in Florence was a masterpiece. This picture, the "Madonna del Granduca" (so surnamed from Duke Ferdinand's devotion to it) is peculiarly interesting as an illustration of Raphael's transition from the style of Perugino to his broader Florentine manner. The technique is broader, more luminous, the drawing freer and stronger, than Perugino's. But the sweet, spiritual expression, that beauty of holiness which is the real charm of the Umbrian school, still lingers there. None of Raphael's later Virgins, save the unrivaled "Madonna di San Sisto," have so divine, so heavenly an air. Neither the gentle majesty of the "Virgin of Foligno" nor the deep, motherly content of the well-known, well-beloved "Madonna della Sedia"—as a comparison of our two engravings will show—can rival the magic of this look. Even Raphael could only give it twice.

When, for the last time, he visited Urbino, in 1506, he was, despite his youth, one of the acknowledged masters of Italian painting. The Court of Urbino, always sympathetic to art, welcomed him sincerely. The grandson of old Sante, the corn merchant, became a well-known figure at the palace, which at that moment was at its zenith of culture and elegance. It was the last time he ever saw his native place. Soon after, Pope Julius sent for him to Rome.

One day, the legend goes, Michelangelo, entering the Vatican alone, met Raphael coming out, surrounded by a great number of friends and followers. "There you go, with your train, like a prince," cried the scornful Florentine. "And you alone, like an executioner," was Raphael's reply. It is true, the medal of genius has on its obverse the crown, on the reverse the torturing rack. To some one is granted, to some the other. To Raphael, Mozart, Shakespeare, the ease of a happy facile nature and the crown of general praise; these are the enviable Olympians. But there are others not less great. Michelangelo, Milton, Beethoven—Titans ever struggling in lonely agony toward an ideal never reached. Reading Raphael's history in his native place, we understand more easily how he came to be of the fortunate party. To see him you must go to Rome, the city of the Vatican, the Farnesina, the Chigi Chapel; to comprehend him, to Urbino.

MARY ROBINSON.

In the old days, says George Eliot, there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the City of Destruction. We see no white-winged angels now; but yet men are led away from threatening destruction. A hand is put into theirs, which leads them forth gently toward a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's.

SPENSER.

A CENTURY and a half had elapsed since Chaucer, grand old "father of English poetry," had gone to his peaceful rest in Westminster Abbey, the first of that long line of laurel-crowned priests of literature whose illustrious dust alone would render the sacred place a shrine for the coming ages.

And now, after these long decades had passed, another genius was given to the waiting world in the birth-hour of Edmund Spenser.

Not bare or uneventful had been the years between these two great landmarks in English literature. Ten sovereigns had worn the uneasy crown of England through their little days, the royal houses of Lancaster and York had passed away, and it only remained for "good Queen Bess" to give the glorious finale to the line of Tudors; the Wars of the Roses and the Reformation had become fruitful subjects for the future historian. But in the world of letters we find, here and there, through all those troublous times, names that posterity could not consign to oblivion. There was "the moral Gower," Wyckliffe, Tyndale, and Coverdale, the distinguished trio of Bible translators; Lydgate, the "monastic poet;" Skelton, the Laureate; Surrey, inventor of blank verse; Wyatt, the poet-lover of Anne Boleyn; Thomas Tusser, author of the first didactic poem in our language; "Utopian More;" Fox, whose name is inseparable from his *Book of Martyrs*; Roger Ascham, the learned, and a host of lesser lights that the breath of old Time has nearly extinguished.

Edmund Spenser was born in London about the year 1552. He claimed kinship with the noble old family of Spenser, "an house of ancient fame," as our poet describes it. Of his parentage we know nothing, except the fact stated in one of his latest poems, that his mother bore the fair old name of Elizabeth.

His boyish education was received in London at the grammar school, then newly founded by the Merchant Taylors' Company, and we find it recorded that on the 20th of May, 1569, he was entered at Cambridge University as sizar of Pembroke Hall. Little is known of his college career of seven years, but that in 1576 he took his Master's degree, and leaving Cambridge, soon appeared in London, a young man twenty-four or five years old.

In 1579 the first brain-child of our poet was presented to the world under the name of the *Shepherd's Calendar*, and dedicated to his friend and patron, Sir Philip Sidney. This work was composed of twelve eclogues, one for each month, and diversified in metre and subject; they consist of love lays, translations, imitations, fables, satires, and a tribute in honor of the Queen. This poem

met a ready recognition in its own time, and years after Dryden writes of it that the *Shepherd's Calendar* cannot be matched in any language. Although Spenser did not clothe his poems with the melody that sings itself through the flowing verses of some later poets, he is an artist, and spreads the colors upon his word-paintings with the hand of a master. What can be found more perfect in its way than this verse from the first eclogue describing one of the most unpoetical objects—a leafless tree:

"You naked buds, whose shady leaves are lost,
Wherein the birds are wont to build their bower,
And now are clothed with moss and hoary frost,
Instead of blossoms wherewith your buds did flower;
I see your tears that from your boughs do rain,
Whose drops in dreary icicles remain."

In another eclogue, containing the fable of the oak and brier, he makes the pert, "foolish Briere" scold and "aneb the good Oak" in this wise:

"Why stand there (quoth he), thou brutish block?
Nor for fruit nor for shadow serves thy stock.
Seest how fresh my flowers been spread,
Died in lily white and crimson red,
With leaves engrained in lusty green,
Colours meet to clothe a maiden queen?
Thy waste bigness but cumpers the ground,
And dirks the beauty of my blossoms round;
The mouldy moss, which thee accloyeth,
My cinnamon smell too much annoyeth;
Wherefore soon I rede thee hence remove,
Lest thou the price of my displeasure prove."

The next ten years of Spenser's life brought no new literary work of importance, but at their close we find him removed from the Court, the friendship of Sidney, and the patronage of Leicester, and settled in Ireland. That his Court experience had been a trying one, we infer from these forcible lines in *Mother Hubbard's Tale*:

"Full little knowest thou that hast not tried,
What hell it is in suing long to bide;
To lose good days that might be better spent,
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy prince's grace, yet want her peers';
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat thy heart through comfortless despair;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to wait, to be undone!"

The "Emerald Isle" was henceforth to be the home of the poet, and we find him situated in a romantic retreat known as Kilcolman Castle. Here he was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh, whom he termed the "Shepherd of the Ocean," and here, too, he brought home his bride, the fair country lass, Elizabeth; here his sons were born,

and here was written the second great poem in the English language, the *Faery Queen*.

This poem was intended by Spenser to consist of twelve books, but, like the *Canterbury Tales*, the original design was not carried out, and the poet gave but six of the books to the world. In each perfect book we find twelve cantos, each canto consisting of from thirty-five to sixty stanzas. The poem is an allegory, the knights and characters introduced representing certain moral qualities or virtues and royal celebrities of history and of the poet's day. But one does not need a key to this fine and subtle imagery to enjoy the poem; the rich beauty that illumines every page is enough to charm each reader from any studied criticism.

Here is a portrait of the Red-cross Knight:

"A gentle knight was pricking on the plain,
Yelad in mighty arms and silver shield.

* * * * *

Full jolly knight he seemed and fair did set,
As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.
And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead—as living—ever Him adored.
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For sovereign hope, which in his help he had;
Right faithful true he was in deed and word;
But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was yglad."

In the adventures of Una with the lion we read, among other beauties for which we have no space:

"Her angel's face,
As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place.
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace?
It fortune'd, out of the thickest wood,
A ramping lion rushed suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after savage blood.
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devoured her tender corse.
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage assuaged with remorse,
And with the sight amazed forgot his furious force,
Instead thereof he kissed her weary feet,
And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue;
As he her wronged innocence did weat.
Oh! how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!"

When, some fifty years later, Herrick sang,

"Gather the rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying,"

did he not unconsciously re-echo these lines of the old master, that must have touched his beauty-loving heart:

"Gather therefore the rose, while yet in prime,
For soon comes age that will her pride deflower,
Gather the rose of love, while yet is time,
While loving thou mayst loved be with equal crime."

We have heard of a poet's sonnet to his lady's eyebrows, but we doubt one can find a more exquisite description than this:

"Upon her eyelids many graces sat,
Under the shadow of her even brows,"

and this fair creature, Fancy's child, Belphebe, the goddess of the wood, had

"Ivory forehead full of bountie brave,
Like a broad table did itself dispread,
For Love his lofty triumphs to engave.
* * * And when she spake
Sweet words, like dropping honey, she did shed;
And 'twixt the pearls and rubies softly brake
A silver sound, that heavenly music seemed to make."

Of his shorter poems there are the *Tears of the Muses*, *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, *Daphnida*, the *Elegy of Astrophel* on the death of his friend, Sir Philip Sidney, and others as pleasing. He immortalized his bride by the *Epithalamion*, a wedding ode, acknowledged to be the finest poem of its kind in any language. We have space for but one of its many stanzas:

"Behold, while she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermeil stain,
Like crimson dyed in grain;
That even the angels which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair
The more they on it stare;
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with a goodly modesty,
That suffers not a look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound,
Why blush you, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band?
Sing ye, sweet angels, alleluia sing,
That all the woods may answer and your echo ring."

Until the year 1598 Spenser lived a quiet, rural, poet's life in his beautiful home, Kilcolman Castle. But trouble and desolation came with the rebellion of O'Neill; his castle was attacked by the mob, robbed, and set fire to, an infant child of the poet's perishing in the flames. Poor and broken-hearted, the poet reached London, only to, within a few weeks, be laid to rest near the tomb of Chaucer—January 16th, 1599. In the tragic close of this brave and gifted life there comes a gleam of light in the poet's own words:

"Is not short pain well borne that brings long ease,
And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave?
Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life."

A. L. ROCKWOOD.



ROMAN WOMEN.

WRITING of Roman women, somewhat enthusiastically a modern traveler says:

The Roman woman is the direct opposite of the German Gretchen, whose blonde tresses are wound round a gentle, dreamy, little head and whose blue eyes look, even by day, as though they were full of the soft glimmer of moonlight. The Roman woman typifies clear decision. She is the representative of serious and majestic womanhood. Her beauty is celebrated all over the world and has no rival throughout the rest of Italy. The Milanese may be amiable, the Venetians graceful, the Florentines fascinating, the Neapolitans animated, but they none of them possess the antique, calm, and classic beauty of the Roman woman, nor their high soul and strength of mind. It is possible that those who admire only the Greek style of beauty and who identify the beautiful with the graceful may contest the Roman woman's right to the palm of superiority; but the fact is, that the Roman beauty differs from the Greek as much as the language and poetry of the two great ancient peoples differed from each other. The Roman female countenance displays none of the gentle softness, the lyric tenderness, the attractive loveliness, of a Greek head. It is

more firmly molded, stronger, more epic. The Greek form of the girlish Venus has ripened on this soil, under the sun of Italy, into the fully developed woman, behind whose broad brows lie not merely love-dreams, but the consciousness of a certain spirit of sovereignty. Those full, round arms are able, not only to wind themselves in an affectionate embrace around her husband, but, if need be, to wield sword and lance and avenge an injury without man's assistance, like the grand Camilla of Virgil. The Roman woman has never been a slave. In her house she rules royally, like the spouse of Ulysses, free and self-asserting. Her large, beaming eyes have nothing of that soft, appealing expression of timidity which seems to implore the protection of the stronger sex; her features are devoid of the sentimental tenderness which seems to invite love.

Goethe's favorite Juno of the Villa Ludovisi, before which he stood in rapt adoration so many a morning, has much of this grandeur in the firm, goddess-like, enchanting mouth, the decided chin, the broad forehead, and the nostril slightly raised with a touch of disdain.

Fair-haired Roman women are very rare. But the wealth of black locks suits magnificently with the rich brown of their complexions, mellowed by a Southern sun, and with the pomegranate-flower red of their lips.



"LILIES, OLEANDERS, AND PINKS."

THIS pleasing subject is from a picture by G. A. Story, A. R. A., who has been called the "painter of prettiness," from the charming fancies and graceful associations with which he has invested so many of his productions. The original is a life-sized portrait. Mr. Story is an English artist, whose works have attracted considerable attention in the Royal Academy Exhibitions since 1868. There is great delicacy and

beauty in his pictures, the titles of some of which will indicate their character, as "Children at Breakfast," "Rosy Cheeks," "Little Buttercup," "Love in a Maze," "Saying Grace," etc. He is not an ill-natured critic. "A kindly consideration and tenderness for our little foibles and weaknesses always peeps out from the fun which he delights in extracting from them, and as this is entirely free from anything that is bitter, so it is absolutely devoid of the very faintest tincture of vulgarity."

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ANTARCTIC LAND.

ON the maps of the Southern Hemisphere we generally find marked, near the Antarctic Circle, detached indications of coast-line collectively called by the ambitious name of the Antarctic Continent. But it may be doubted whether any continent actually exists. This Southern Polar region has not been explored to the extent that the corresponding Northern one has been, but the few brave adventurers who have sailed so far south report, as their conclusions, that there is comparatively little land near the Antarctic Circle; that the greater part of the ice, instead of drifting in flocs, forms solid walls and belts; that the Southern Polar Sea is open on all

tained the reputation of having reached a point nearer the South Pole than any mariner before or after him. In 1840 Lieutenant Charles Wilkes, of the United States Exploring Expedition, discovered what he called a continent with an unbroken coast-line of seventeen hundred miles. This coast-line lay immediately outside of the Antarctic Circle and was nearly parallel with it. Doubt, however, has since been thrown upon the accuracy of his observations. What he saw was probably an ice-belt similar to that which afterward impeded the progress of Captain Ross.

In 1840-41 Captain James C. Ross set out in the British ship *Erebus*, accompanied by Captain Crozier in the *Terror*, upon a voyage which has since become famous, and to which we are indebted



EREBUS AND TERROR STOPPED BY ICE-BARRIER.

sides to the adjacent oceans; that not a trace of vegetation can be seen; that there are no inhabitants upon the few known islands, except seals and vast flocks of birds; that volcanic energy is active and storms very frequent, and that the cold is intense throughout all seasons of the year.

The first navigator who crossed the Antarctic Circle was Captain Cook, whose voyage was made in 1779-74. He found no land. From the year 1819 to the year 1839 he was followed by other British explorers, who discovered several islands, which, however, are just outside of the Antarctic Circle, and, therefore, actually within the South Temperate, instead of the South Frigid, Zone. In 1821 the Russian commander, Bellinghausen, sailed farther south than Cook, and, like the latter, found no land, but for more than twenty years main-

for the most that we know of these desolate regions. The object of this expedition was to reach, if possible, the magnetic South Pole, similar to the North, which Captain Ross himself had already reached.

After being absent from England fifteen months and having undergone a variety of adventures, on the 10th of January, 1841, Captain Ross found himself sailing in a direct course for the Southern Magnetic Pole, which he now believed to be not more than five hundred miles distant, or in latitude 76° S., and longitude $145^{\circ} 20'$ E. But before the day was over the brave Captain was doomed to disappointment. A ridge of land rising in lofty peaks, covered with perpetual snow, extended directly in front of the approaching ships, presenting an unsurmountable barrier. But Captain

Ross, not yet disposed to give up the object of his search, turned southwest and explored the coast of the land, determined to continue his course toward the Pole if he could find an opening. After several days of exploration he discovered that he had, by following the irregular, curving line of the land, reached a point further south than that attained by Bellinghausen, thus restoring to England the honor of having sent her vessels to a greater distance below the Antarctic Circle than any other nation had done. The land was taken possession of in the name of Queen Victoria and called Possession Island. On the 27th of January the intrepid adventurers found their further explorations rewarded by a magnificent discovery. From an extent of icy land arose two lofty mountains. One proved to be an active volcano, emit-

and fifty and two hundred feet above the level of the sea, perfectly flat and level at the top, and without any fissures or promontories on its even seaward face." He gives it as his opinion that there was little or no land beyond, unless very remote, for nothing could be seen but ice. After sailing along this singular wall for more than a hundred miles, the two commanders agreed that they could not safely continue their efforts and a nearer approach to the Pole was impossible, though they had already reached a point further south than they had originally supposed it to be. Captain Ross concludes his expression of regret at being compelled to relinquish his undertaking with these words: "We might, with equal chance of success, try to sail through the cliffs of Dover as penetrate such a mass."



MOUNTS EREBUS AND TERROR.

ting fire and smoke; the other, little inferior in height, an extinct volcano. Captain Ross called the higher peak Mount Erebus, the lower, Mount Terror, thus perpetuating the names of his two ships. Mount Erebus attains an elevation of twelve thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea. These two peaks were found to be the highest summits of a mountain-range, which Captain Ross named Parry Mountains, after his friend, Captain Parry, the distinguished Arctic explorer.

This, however, was the only great discovery made. The real object of the expedition was not attained, for the actual position of the magnetic South Pole was never determined. Captain Ross's further progress south was stopped by an apparently endless ice-barrier. He described it as "a perpendicular cliff of ice, between one hundred

So the actual amount of land in the South Frigid Zone, the true position of the magnetic South Pole—in short, nearly all of our real knowledge concerning the Antarctic regions of the globe, must be determined for us by future navigators.

WE are often selfish in our love, desiring more to be loved in return than to benefit the object of our affections. We are sometimes so tender of our relations as to sacrifice truth or justice for fear of disturbing them—more careful of our friend's feelings than of his character, and of his continued regard for ourselves than of his best welfare.

STORIES heard at a mother's knee are never wholly forgotten. They form a little spring that never quite dries up in our journey through scorching years.

I SAID SO.

"H'E'LL be a ruined man in less than a year. Mark my words, and see if they don't come true."

This was said with an air and tone of self-importance by a brisk little fellow, who walked uneasily about as he spoke and seemed to consider himself of no small consequence.

"I've had my eye on him for some months past," he continued, "and can see which way he is going and where it will all end, as clear as daylight."

"That's the way with you, Deal; you always see to the end of other people's courses," remarked a bystander.

"I can see to the end of Miller's course and no mistake. See if he isn't all used up and gone to nothing before this day twelvemonth."

"Why do you prophesy so badly for Miller? He is one of the cleverest men I know."

"That's a fact and no mistake. He is a gentleman all over. But that won't keep him from ruin."

"Give the reason—you must have one."

"Oh! as to that, I don't give reasons for what I say," was the self-complacent reply, with a toss of the head and two or three strides across the room. "But you mark my words, and see if they don't come true. See if Miller doesn't go to the wall before this time next year."

"Very well; we will see."

"So you will, or I am no prophet."

The confident manner in which this man, named Deal, spoke, led several of those who heard him to suppose that he knew some fact connected with the business of Miller of which they were ignorant. And this was true.

Deal was one of those restless, busy, here-there-and-every-where little bodies, who see and know far more of what is going on in the world than do your quiet, thoughtful, and business-absorbed people. He visited the theatre once or twice every week—not really so much to observe the play as to see who regularly attended. He looked into the different club-rooms and political assemblages and kept himself posted in all the little and great matters that agitate the surface of a community or stir it more deeply. His means of information in regard to his neighbors' business and prospects were certainly very great, and his opinion in regard to these matters worth something. This fact made his remarks about Miller half believed by several who heard them. In truth, he had good reasons for his evil prognostications; for he met too frequently at the theatre, and in very improper company, Miller's confidential clerk, and was, likewise, conversant with many facts proving that he was clearly unworthy of the trust that had been reposed in him. Instead of doing his duty, which was to promptly inform Miller of the con-

duct of his clerk, he contented himself, like too many others, with merely shrugging his shoulders, as has been seen, when occasion warranted his doing so, and prophesying ruin to the merchant who, unhappily, had placed confidence in an unworthy agent.

The business in which Miller was engaged, although it embraced very important transactions and required many clerks for its efficient management, yielded only a light profit, so that it was in the power of a dishonest assistant to ruin his principal. It only required the abstraction of a few thousand dollars to embarrass and finally break up the merchant's business. The prospect of such an untoward event was very fair. The habits of young Grey, the name of the principal clerk, had, for more than a year, required for their gratification an amount of money much greater than his salary. At first he was troubled with debts. The uneasiness that these occasioned led him to cast about in his mind for some mode of relief. His first decision on the subject was to ask for an advance of salary. He was in the receipt of one thousand dollars a year. Pressed hard by a man whom he owed, he was almost forced into an application for more salary. He did not think of denying himself any of the expensive pleasures in which he indulged as a surer measure of relief. The application was not favorably considered. Mr. Miller paid already as much for clerk-hire as he felt himself able to do. The salary of Grey he considered fully enough for a young man. After receiving a positive refusal on the part of his employer to grant his request, the clerk, concealing as fully as possible his disappointment, turned to the performance of his regular duties. But there was a tempest in his breast. Even with an increase of salary up to the amount he had asked, the difficulties that surrounded him would still have been great. The only course by which he could then have extricated himself from immediate difficulties, would have been to borrow upon the representation of an increase of salary. Now that hope had failed.

Temptations try and prove men. Where there is integrity of character, purification is the consequence of strong trials. But when a man without fixed principles gets into difficulties, especially when brought about by his own wrong conduct, he is in imminent danger. Evil counselors are near him with specious arguments; he must not listen to them—if he does he will almost surely fall into the snare laid for his unwary feet.

"Something must be done," said the young man, with compressed lips, after he had recovered a little from the confusion of mind into which Mr. Miller's positive refusal to grant his request had thrown him.

"Something *must* be done. What shall it be?"

That question gave activity to his mind. He

thought and thought and thought for a long time. But one only hope glimmered in upon the darkness, and that was a light kindled upon a treacherous coast. It was the hope of relief from pressing demands by using, without his employer's knowledge, a portion of the money that regularly passed through his hands. The first suggestion of this caused him an inward shudder. He looked away from it; but everything was so dark that, for relief, he turned to it again. The idea seemed not now so revolting. He did not think of embezzling his employer's money—only borrowing it as a measure of temporary relief. Finally the tempter prevailed. A good opportunity presented itself for using as large a sum as two hundred dollars without a suspicion of the fact by Mr. Miller, and he embraced that opportunity. Pressing demands were thereby met, and a surplus left in his hands.

From this time forth a host of evil counselors had access to his ear, and he listened to them too often. There was no reform in his habits or expenses, but rather a giving of the rein to both. He indulged more frequently in expensive pleasures, and had, in consequence, to resort oftener to the funds of his employer, which he did with less and less compunction of conscience each time.

Not many months passed before Miller found his business pressing upon him too heavily. His payments were not made with the same ease as formerly. There having been no diminution in his business, he was entirely at a loss to account for this fact. Not the slightest suspicion of the real cause passed through his mind; for his confidence in Grey was unbounded. Had he known anything of his habits, doubts of his integrity would have been awakened; but of the many facts that had come under the observation of Deal, not one had been even suspected by Miller.

Rapidly did young Grey run his downward course. His money-wants grew every day more and more urgent, and his inroads upon his employer's funds more and more steady and exhausting.

"Miller 'll be a ruined man as sure as the world, if he keeps that Grey about him," Deal would say to himself, whenever he saw the young clerk spending money with great freedom, as he often did. But he never once thought of saying as much to the wronged merchant. He never felt it to be his duty to whisper a friendly warning in his ear.

Time passed, and the merchant's business became daily more and more involved. Not a payment was made without having to borrow money from one source or another. The cause of this he could not define, and, unfortunately, not suspecting where it really lay, he remained altogether at fault in endeavoring to counteract and resist the downward tendency of his business, until ruin was the consequence.

"It is just as I said," remarked Deal, when the news of Miller's failure reached his ear. "I knew it would be so; and I said it would be so a hundred times."

"You did?" replied the individual to whom this was addressed, looking steadily into the little man's face. He was a losing creditor of the broken merchant.

"Yes, I did."

"And, pray, what reason had you for saying so?"

"This very good reason: His principal clerk lived too fast. He kept a swift trotting horse, and indulged, to my certain knowledge, in very many other extravagances that must have consumed money equal to four or five times his salary."

"Indeed?"

"It is a fact, sir."

"Did Miller know this?"

"Of course, he did not."

"But you did."

"Yes; and I said, dozens of times, that if Miller didn't look out he would be ruined."

The creditor compressed his lips tightly, and eyed the self-complacent Deal for nearly a minute steadily.

"You knew it!—you said so!" he remarked, half contemptuously, at length. "And you could see an honest man wronged daily, and at last ruined, by a scoundrel, and all this time coldly stand looking on and prophesy his downfall!"

"It was no concern of mine," said Deal, his face crimsoning.

"No concern of yours! It is every man's business to warn his neighbors of approaching danger. He who does not do so is little better than an accessory to evil. For my part, sir, I shall ever look upon you as more than half guilty of poor Miller's ruin. A word might have saved him, but you heartlessly forbore to speak. I would not have your conscience for a dozen worlds like this!"

So saying, with a contemptuous look and tone, he turned from the abashed Deal, and left him to his own self-accusing reflections. They were such as no true lover of his kind could ever wish to have.

There is often much of self-complacent pride in the oft-repeated—"I SAID SO." But more, we fear, of criminal neglect to warn an honest, but unsuspecting neighbor of the danger that lurks in his path. Let every one look to himself and see how far he is guilty in this respect. Few of us, I fear, will find our garments spotless. T. S. A.

An ingenious French writer observes that those who depend on the merits of their ancestors may be said to search in the root of the tree for those fruits which the branches ought to produce.

"UNTO THE LEAST OF THESE."

DOING our duty is not always consistent with the plans we have laid, and if our plans do not work as we have laid them out, we seldom look at it otherwise than as a disagreeable hindrance. More especially is this felt when we have interested ourselves in behalf of others. We do not look below the surface to find the reason, but complain that others are to blame; and might it not be that this disposition to dictate and arrange the greatest hindrance to the advancement of good to others, and entirely forgetting what is due to faith and prayer, especially given us as helps—material helps, all Christians testify.

We are apt to rush into any good work, and if the result is not what we expect for the labor expended we are cast down and disheartened. We should not be weakly controlled by circumstances, but work on with faith and prayer, and patiently await the results, be they near or far. For God will give to account all our good works in His own time.

"Be not wise in your own conceits." That text has brought to my mind a little incident which occurred to me while visiting among the poor not long since, showing me how wise I was in my own conceit. From one family I visited I learned a lesson of unquestioning obedience to the will of our Heavenly Father. They live in a little, narrow alley, and there were five children. That, in its way, would seem burden enough; by and by another baby came, but only lived a few weeks. What was my surprise in calling, then, about a month later, to see Mrs. McGrady fondling and caressing another baby apparently about two months old.

"Why?" I exclaimed, in my astonishment, "where did you get that baby?"

"From the Foundlin's Home, mum, if you please, mum. It didn't have no mither, the poor little thing."

"Oh! but surely you have enough of your own to care for?"

She looked at me with reproof in her great, honest, blue eyes, and I felt it when she bowed her head over the child and said, oh! so meekly:

"Sure, I think the Father wanted me to!"

With all my advantages, I thought I was not so good as she, with her simple, trusting faith that she was doing her duty. I could not see how they could afford this additional responsibility; and only in a dumb way could I understand that the love of the helpless little thing was the actuating motive. I still held myself in a questioning mood. Now, I thought, as I looked around the poorly furnished room, where everything was the worse for wear, I wonder how and where they will get more when these things can hold together

no longer. It seemed to me there was not a thing there that a junk-shop man would encumber himself with. And the children—what queer-looking little things they were! Not a garment had they on that was ever made for them; but if the garments were, it was very unskilled fingers that fashioned them. Yet they were in keeping with all the rest, and I did not think it strange when I remembered how much work there was to do, and only one pair of hands to keep so much mended and clean, for that they were, and they were made whole with any sort of cloth that could be used for the purpose.

"Oh! this grinding poverty!" I mentally exclaimed. I think for a moment I was in open rebellion that there should be such poverty or that I should be called upon to lighten it in the smallest degree or even witness it. All these thoughts were chasing one another through my mind as I sat on the rickety, wooden chair taking an inventory of the things in the poor man's abode, and all this brought on by the sight of the little strangeling I found in the poor man's home. I could not understand how they were to get along with this one more. To be sure, this one was only taking the place of their own little dead. And a thought came to me from the past that fairly frightened me—as my glance came back to her. The child lay across her lap. She was bending over it, seemed hovering over it, smoothing down its little dress with her hand—a broad, hard-worked hand it was—but so gently, so tenderly, it seemed imbued with a strange protective power I dare not question. Yet I had dared to think they ought to be thankful their own little one had been taken early from this world of trouble and—to them—want.

How many have dared to think and say the same when a poor man's children die? A shudder crept over me then as the thought marched boldly into my mind as though it had a right; and so it had, from education and familiarity. But in the presence of that woman all things changed, and I am thankful for that one glimpse of God's wisdom in the bestowal of human love. She was no longer surrounded by poverty, but by a benediction of glory.

I spoke her name; she glanced up with a start; there were tears in her eyes. Did she think I was going to question her right to keep her little nursling? Oh! no, not now. The lesson I had learned was too new. I said, and very gently, too:

"I suppose if you keep it there will be a way provided for it."

"Oh! yes'm; I'm sure there will be! Don't you think the good Father tuk away our own little one so we would be takin' care of this one?"

That reproof again. I felt I deserved it for

daring to doubt the wisdom I could not understand.

"And we love the little crature like it was our own; don't we, childer?" said she, as the children gathered round, patting it with their hands and bobbing down their little faces to kiss it, showing their love for it in many childish ways.

"And the father of the childer says he don't know any differ' atween 'em."

Ah! is it not well for the little stranger that such warm, loving hearts have found it thus early?

As I went on my way I thought: "Do unto the least of these" and "Forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," with such a warm glow around my heart as I had not had for years. I felt sure theirs was the Kingdom of Heaven, and they had gained a degree of happiness I

never knew, and all through a silent submission to duty. Love for the baby had crept into their hearts and they were already receiving a portion of the reward promised them by our loving Saviour.

I wish I could always keep that lesson in my heart; but I find myself looking ahead often and arranging affairs as I think they ought to be, or as I want them, rather, and I am sad as I remember that the lesson has lost its first influence. I have not lost all, though; for when I am in an unusually complaining mood it comes back to me with its softening power; and I resolve to better things—not in my own strength, for these words always come with it: "Unto the least of these." And I pray, Oh! give me the simple faith of that loving-hearted Irish mother!

EMILIE EGAN.



TROPIC VEGETATION.

MOST of our readers are familiar with the idea of the luxuriance of tropic vegetation—the brilliant splendor of its blossoms, the mammoth size of its leaves, the gigantic height of its trees, and the impenetrability of its vast forests. Our illustration may serve to render this idea somewhat more vivid. It presents us with a panorama of palm-trees, alocs, figs, and the like, with glimpses of

parasites and other curious growths, which, if known to the scientist, are scarcely so to the general reader.

CENSURE and criticism never hurt anybody. If false, they cannot harm you, unless you are wanting in character; and, if true, they show a man his weak points, and forewarn him against failure and trouble.

THE LOVER AND THE HUSBAND.

IN his *Dream Life*, Ik Marvel thus sketches in a pleasant vein, and with those self-conceited, humanizing incidents which have ever gained the laughter and good-will of the world, the lover and the newly married man:

You grow unusually amiable and kind; you are earnest in your search of friends; you shake hands with your office-boy as if he were your second cousin. You joke cheerfully with the stout washer-woman and give her a shilling overchange and insist upon her keeping it, and grow quite merry at the recollection of it. You tap your hackman on the shoulder very familiarly and tell him he is a capital fellow, and don't allow him to whip his horses, except when driving to the post-office; you ask after the health of his wife. He says he has no wife—whereupon you think him a very miserable man and give him a dollar, by way of consolation.

You think all the editorials in the morning papers are remarkably well written, whether upon your side or upon another. You think the stock market has a very cheerful look, with Erie—of which you are a large holder—down to seventy-five. You wonder why you never admired Mrs. Hemans before, or Stoddart, or any of the rest.

You give a pleasant twirl to your fingers as you saunter along the street, and say—but not so loud as to be overheard: "She is mine! she is mine!"

You wonder if Frank ever loved Nelly one-half as well as you love Madge. You feel quite sure he never did. You can hardly conceive how it is that Madge has not been seized before now by scores of enamored men and borne off, like the Sabine women in Roman history. You chuckle over your future like a boy who has found a guinea in groping for sixpences. You read over the marriage service, thinking of the time when you will take her hand and slip the ring upon her finger and repeat after the clergyman: "for richer, for poorer, for better, for worse!"—a great deal of "worse" there will be about it, you think!

Through all your heart cleaves to that sweet image of the beloved Madge as light cleaves to day. The weeks leap with a bound and the months only grow long when you approach that day which is to make her yours. There are no flowers rare enough to make bouquets for her; diamonds are too dim for her to wear; pearls are tame.

— And after marriage—the weeks are even shorter than before. You wonder why on earth all the single men in the world do not rush tumultuously to the altar. You look upon them all as a traveled man will look upon some conceited Dutch boor who has never been beyond the limits of his cabbage-garden. Married men, on the contrary, you regard as fellow-voyagers, and

look upon their wives—ugly as they may be—as better than none.

You blush a little at first, telling your butcher what "your wife" would like; you bargain with the grocer for sugars and teas and wonder if he knows that you are a married man. You practice your new way of talk upon your office-boy; you tell him that "your wife" expects you home to dinner—and are astonished that he does not stare to hear you say it.

You wonder if the people in the omnibus know that Madge and you are just married and if the driver knows that the shilling you hand to him is for "self and wife." You wonder if anybody was ever so happy before or ever will be so happy again.

You enter your name upon the hotel books as "Clarence — and lady," and come back to look at it, wondering if anybody else has noticed it, and thinking that it looks remarkably well. You cannot help thinking that every third man you meet in the hall wishes he possessed your wife, nor do you think it very sinful in him to wish it. You fear it is placing temptation in the way of covetous men to put Madge's little gaiters outside the chamber-door at night.

Your home, when it is entered, is just what it should be—quiet, small, with everything she wishes, and nothing more than she wishes. The sun strikes it in the happiest possible way; the piano is the sweetest-toned in the world; the library is stocked to a charm, and Madge—that blessed wife—is there, adorning and giving life to it all. To think, even, of her possible death is a suffering you class with the infernal tortures of the Inquisition. You grow twain of heart and of purpose. Smiles seem made for marriage, and you wonder how you ever wore them before.

TO — —.

WHEN first your fingers called sweet harmonies

In witching prelude from the mystic keys,

Methought I drowsed in Arcadian vale,
List'ning Pan's call and Syrinx's tender wail;

Catching, in quickened time, the lively beat
Of silv'ry timbrels and of Dryads' feet—

(Such as is famed once to have filled with sound
Each rustic vale and every flowered mound;

But when your fingers deeper soundings sought
And from exquisite cords rare music wrought,

Then caught my heart the strain, to silence never,

But aye to echo in its rapturous swell,

As taken from its native shore, a shell

Sounds the-deep cadence of the sea forever.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.



AFTER SUNSET

A LITTLE pause in life while day-
light lingers
Between the sunset and the pale
moonrise,
When daily labor slips from
weary fingers,
And calm, gray shadows veil
the aching eyes.
Old perfumes wander back from
fields of clover,
Seen in the light of stars that
long have set;
Beloved ones, whose earthly toil
is over,
Draw near, as if they lived
among us yet.

Old voices call me—through the dusk returning
I hear the echo of departed feet;
And then I ask, with vain and troubled yearn-
ing,

"What is the charm that makes old things so
sweet."

"Must the old joys be ever more withholden?
Even their memory keeps me pure and true."
And yet, from our Jerusalem the Golden,
God speaketh, saying, "I make all things new."

"Father," I cry, "the old must still be nearer;
Stifle my love or give me back the past;
Give me the fair old fields, whose paths are dearer
Than all Thy shining streets and mansions vast."

Peace! Peace! The Lord of earth and Heaven
knoweth

The human soul in all its heat and strife;
Out of His throne no stream of Lethe floweth,
But the pure river of eternal life.

He giveth life—aye, life in all its sweetness;
Old loves, old sunny scenes will He restore;
Only the curse of sin and incompleteness
Shall vex thy soul and taint thine earth no more.

Serve Him in daily toil and holy living,
And Faith shall lift thee to His sunlit heights;
Then shall a psalm of gladness and thanksgiving
Fill the calm hour that comes between the lights.

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VOL. I

A DAY IN WYOMING.

THE ANNUAL ROUND-UP.

HOW many of our young readers have ever mounted a pony on a bright summer's morning and rode forth over the fragrant, dew-laden grass, while the notes of the prairie-fowls, the lowing of the herds, and the songs of the cowboys blended together in one wild, harmonious outburst, as if all nature had sallied forth to greet the rosy dawn with rapturous, joyous, and exultant song?

How many of you have ever rode away in the midst of all the bloom and beauty and music of a prairie sunrise, to turn a thousand cattle from the corral to the grazing-grounds to feed all day upon the luxuriant pasturage and drink from the ice-cold streams that come leaping down from the mountains and winding away through the vales?

Not many in the vicinity of our Eastern cities, I am thinking; and, for the benefit of those who have not, I will give you a description of the "annual round-up" as it occurs in Wyoming.

"What's that?"

The very question that I asked when I first heard the term. And I will explain.

Once a year (generally in June) all the cattle belonging to a settlement are driven to some favorable locality and the young ones caught and branded with the owner's initials. The cattle are numbered by thousands, and almost every settler has an interest in this valuable property; so the occasion is made a holiday, and people of all ages, men, women, and children, hasten to the scene of festivity, which would seem very wild and strange to most of our young readers; but let your imagination paint the picture, while I give you the outlines.

Early in the morning we were in our saddles ready to ride across the six miles of prairie that intervened between my cousin's ranch and the scene of festivities.

The sun rose clear and cloudless, and the balmy breeze swept over the sloping landscape that rolled away from the Western hills toward the great valley of the turbulent Platte. To the north and south the prairie extended as far as the eye could reach, while before us (to the westward) a long line of wooded hills rose clear and distinct against the blue sky beyond.

The appointed place was among the hills, and herds of cattle, so large that they looked like clouds upon the landscape, were being driven toward the "bunching-ground," and long lines of horseback-riders were following bridle-paths as hard and smoothly worn as those leading from your door to your gateway.

At length we reached the base of the hills and followed a winding course along the sides and

between the elevations, until we reached what appeared to me like a large, green basin.

It was a circular piece of ground, containing about three acres of fertile prairie, walled in by the wooded hills on every side, which sheltered it alike from summer heats and winter blasts. No doubt it had been a lake at some remote period, but, be that as it may, it looked like a fair oasis now, in the midst of its rugged surroundings.

A clear spring issued from a fissure in the rocks upon the western side, and from thence flowed a crystal stream, winding through the basin and between the hills, until it reached the open prairie beyond.

When I tell my young readers that the stream seemed alive with trout and salmon and the hills were the haunts of deer, antelope, bears, and wild-cats, they can imagine what kind of a hunting-ground it would be. On one side of the basin preparations for the coming feast were already progressing.

Strong posts had been driven into the ground and between them a pit had been dug in which a fire was kindled.

Suspended from the posts, a fine, fat, and tender beef was undergoing the process which Eastern people call a barbecue.

All around upon the ground were stored baskets of bread, potatoes, pies, cakes, pails of strawberries, rounds of dried beef, roasted ducks, wild geese, etc., while, suspended in the cooling spring, were tin-pails of pure, rich cream, which was to be poured over the strawberries in quantities just as bountiful as any one might desire.

And such cream! Not the thin, watery fluid obtained from cans shut up in unhealthy and ill-ventilated stables in large cities, but the genuine article, distilled from rich, wild pasturage, where the animals roamed at will, almost as free as the antelopes and gazelles that sported round them and drank from the same gushing fountains and crystal streams.

As we approached, a couple of men (from a company who, Cousin Orilla informed me, were masters of the ceremonies) came forward and conducted us to a place commanding a good view of the ground, where hundreds of cattle were already gathered and prevented from encroaching too closely upon the picnic-ground by palisades driven across the basin.

These men were the cowboys, and instead of the rough, half-civilized set that Eastern people are apt to imagine in connection with the name, they were nature's own gentlemen, not relying upon dress and foppish airs to make them so.

After the cattle had scattered out to some extent, one of the men mounted a little, wiry pony and rode in among the herd. Selecting one, he raised the lariat above his head, gave his hand one or two graceful and dextrous motions, the

lariat whirled through the air for an instant, then settled down, encircling the horns of a ferocious-looking steer, and the pony went off and sat almost down upon its haunches.

The animal reared, plunged, and struggled, but the pony sat almost as firm as a rock, bracing himself to the work with the same skill as a well-trained draught-horse applies his strength to a load.

At length the steer ceased its frantic struggles, another cowboy rode up with a branding-iron, and in an instant the mark was made which established its ownership.

The animal tried to turn upon the newcomer, with lowered horns, but was promptly checked by the pony at the other end of the lariat.

As soon as he again became quiet he was turned loose and another subjected to the same treatment.

"Now, ladies, shall I catch the next one by the neck, horns, or feet?" asked the cowboy, who appeared desirous of doing something for the special entertainment of the company.

One of the party said, "By one foot," and in an instant the unerring lariat had coiled around one limb of another animal, and again the pony had settled himself to his work.

For some time the men caught the cattle in any manner desired, but I was pleased to note that no needless pain was inflicted.

At length the dinner hour arrived, and we were escorted to our respective places. We occupied seats formed from flat pieces of rocks, and held our plates in our laps, while the nearest approach to a table that I saw was the endgate of a wagon.

One of the cowboys took a shovel, and from the pit over which the beef had been suspended threw out a large quantity of newly roasted potatoes. He carefully wiped the ashes from them with a cloth, and brought them around in a large wooden bowl. Another followed with large slices of the tender, steaming beef, another came with tea, another with coffee and butter, roast fowl, canned fruits, and everything else that could be desired, followed, but to me the best of the dessert came with the man who brought a pail of strawberries in one hand and a pitcher of sweet, cool cream in the other. The scene was wild, but I tell you it was grand.

There was no drinking or carousing, but, while all was mirth and good humor, there was nothing rude or boisterous or inconsistent with the respectable character of the intelligent and enterprising citizens who form the population of this Territory, and I saw none for whom I did not entertain feelings of regard and respect.

At length the dinner was over, and the cowboys were about to return to their work when a couple of rifle shots were heard upon the towering hills, followed by the barking of dogs, the shouts of excited men, the tread of some ponderous animal,

and a crashing through the undergrowth that covered the steep hillside, and a huge grizzly bear came rolling, tumbling, and sliding down into the basin, maddened by the pain of the rifle balls, and giving vent to his rage and pain by uttering loud, harsh, and angry growls, that would have caused the cheeks of any of my young readers to blanch with terror had they been near enough to hear them.

In an instant there was a commotion among the cattle. The animals raised their heads with a terrified snort, and the sea of gleaming horns looked like an army of ivory spears as they paused for a single instant to listen. Only those in the rear could see the nature of the threatened danger, but all could hear the deep, harsh growls of the wounded beast, and in a moment all that living mass was in motion.

Only the palisades and a single acre of prairie intervened between the frightened herd and a hundred helpless women and children. Those in the rear crowded upon those in front; they were already nearing the slight barrier which could, at best, only stay their course for a moment.

Mothers clasped their infants in their arms, and, taking the older children by the hand, started to fly from the danger; but how unavailing the effort to escape thus encumbered!

The foremost of the herd reached the palisades, and paused for an instant, but was pressed against it by those behind; the barrier gave way, and a cowboy rode bravely in front of the living avalanche and promptly threw his lariat over the one who first broke through; but as the pony braced himself for the effort, the animal turned quickly toward him, and he fell to the ground with his rider.

The palisades gave way all along the line, and the cowboy, all of whose dexterity and agility would have been required to escape under any circumstances, was too seriously injured to get out of the way. On came the frightened herd, making the ground tremble beneath the tread of so many hoofs, and bearing right onward toward the helpless crowd, while every indication pointed toward the cowboy, who had bravely risked his life in the attempt to save the others from the impending danger, as the first victim.

It seemed as if nothing short of a miracle could avert a calamity equal to the wrecking of a railway train or the burning of a steamer at sea, when suddenly, above all the din and confusion, sounded that fearful war-whoop, which (were they to hear it) would raise the hair upon the heads of any of our young readers without the aid of a scalping-knife, and half a dozen Indians dashed down the hillside toward the herd, yelling like demons and swinging buffalo robes in the air as they rushed across the level ground toward them.

The foremost among the cattle stopped as short as the pressure from the rear would permit, and

were immediately crowded upon their knees by those behind, but the advance was checked, and thereon the sides began to scatter to the right and left, while the crowd escaped to the hilltops, and the cattle crowded out through the vales and along the paths, until they reached the open prairie beyond.

The man who had fallen with his horse was saved from further injury, but it was a moment of terrible suspense for him.

No lives were lost, but I, for one, must acknowledge being terribly frightened, and when I attempted to step out from a crevice in the rocks, into which I had crowded myself with a little child which I had snatched from the ground, I found that I was jammed between the strong walls so closely that I could not get out without assistance. The bear was dispatched, and the Indians feasted most bountifully upon the remains of the banquet which they had saved from being trampled into the earth in the general stampede while performing the more important service which they had rendered in averting the terrible calamity which threatened us.

We went home pretty well satisfied with our day among the mountains, and I shall always cherish feelings of respect and gratitude toward those who gave me this glimpse of Territorial life and entertained me with such bounteous hospitality besides.

ISADORE ROGERS.

THE SOUL'S LESSON.

WELCOME, my spirit, the skies that hang
o'er thee!

God is the sender, how canst thou complain?

If they be golden, thank Him for the glory!

If they be clouded, thank Him for the rain!

Look with distrust on the blaze of the roses,

In thy life's garden grown rampant at will;
Sorrow will bow them; fear not—the bent blossoms,

Pallid, tear-laden, are lovelier still.

Welcome, in meekness, the songs thou art learning;

Prize every note of the infinite strain!

If it be minor, then sing it the sweeter!

Charm into music the sharpness of pain!

God is thy teacher; ah! how art thou learning?

Well is He planning for thee in His love;

Lowly the prelude which angels shall finish,

Sorrowful roses shine, tearless, above!

CAROLINE D. SWAN.

A BIT OF ANTIQUE FURNISHING.

GRANDMAMMA SIMPSON, standing by the murky east window of the farm-house kitchen, looked out on the fair May morning with a thrill in her old, tried heart that had throbbled with all the joys and sorrows of seventy-five long years.

There was a wild jubilee of robins, black-birds, and bobolinks in the blooming orchard across the lane, and bees and butterflies were drying their dew-laden wings in the sun, already wrapping in warm, golden splendor the tops of the lilac trees, whose far-sweeping fragrance brought back all the spring-time memories of her life.

She was feeling very old and tired that morning, with a sense of having lived since the dawn of creation, and knowing all the good and ill that falls to human lot; yet the song of the birds, the hum of the bees, the gleam of the butterfly's wing in the sun, touched her old heart with the dreamy rapture of youth, when all the harmonies of nature seemed prophetic of a future whose wonderful glory the slow-rolling years had never revealed. Perhaps, after all, it was the future which yet lay before her, wrapped in the still, white mystery, that no mortal can unfold.

A rich, vibrating laugh, mellow and sweet as the robin-carol in the apple-trees, sounded that moment from the piazza, and the gentle old lady put up a trembling hand to smooth her silver ripple of hair, straighten her cap, and make sure that her rumpled kerchief was pinned quite true. She had learned that she could not always trust her failing eyes and she felt a little nervous lest she should not look acceptable to the strange young granddaughter who had arrived at the farm after she had retired the previous evening.

She had not seen this girl since a child, but marvelous stories had been told her of Christine's beauty and accomplishments, since she had grown to womanhood under the generous influences of wealth, culture, and refinement, to which she herself had been all her long life a stranger.

The poor old mother-tree, broken and tottering under the strife of years, shrank with an undefined sense of poverty and loss from the vigorous young offshoot, breezy and blithe with promise that she had outlived. How sad to have outlived promise! Had she not rather come to the eve of its mysterious fulfillment?

"And here is Christine Day, Granny," announced Lydia, the elder daughter of the house of Simpson, coming in with awkward gait and brusque, uncultivated manner, in vivid contrast to the ease and noble bearing of the fair, stately cousin beside her, whose figure—perfect in nature's beautiful proportions—seemed incapable of an inharmonious and ungraceful movement.

"I'm so glad to see thee, grandmother," said the lovely, serene Day, putting her arms warmly but quietly about the bowed form and speaking in the dialect dear to the old heart, seldom gladdened in later years by the gracious address.

"Why, really, Granny has put on her best dress in your honor; but her cap is on one ear, as usual," laughed Miss Lydia, at whose rude comment the withered cheek flushed and the tremulous lips parted with stammered apology.

But on the instant Christine's swift fingers had gently adjusted the slightly awry head-dress and drawn the little, hard-worked, discolored hand within her young arm with close, magnetic pressure.

"I think Aunt Rachel's call to breakfast did not reach thee," she said, drawing the old lady away to the dining-room and giving her the seat beside her own, unconscious that she had occupied hitherto the least conspicuous place at the family board.

It was something totally new to the gentle, uncomplaining soul to be served with such tender attention—to have her wants consulted and anticipated. Indeed, she had hardly been conscious of wants—only of needs, which were satisfied with as little ceremony as possible by the inmates of the house, where, from thoughtless habit, she was regarded as a bit of useless human lumber, to be shoved in a corner out of the way, though every one would have resented with indignant denial the charge of unkindness to Granny.

"The orchard looks so lovely, grandmother! Wouldn't thee find it pleasant to walk up there with me?" the visitor asked, after breakfast.

And grandmother, delighted, hastened to don the old sunbonnet hanging behind the kitchen-door, and walked out, leaning on the strong, firm arm offered for her support, the sweetest she had known in long years.

Thrilled by the delicate fragrance of the orchard paths, strewn with the snow of the dissolving cloud of bloom above, she sat down, with reviving memories of youth, on a shelving rock aflame with the swaying bells of wild columbine, which she had called rock-lilies and clambered after when a child with a passion that faintly stirred her heart again as she broke the tall stems of the gold and crimson flowers.

"Why, Chrissie, this is the pleasantest mornin' I've seen in a great many years, dear child!" she said, glancing up at the girl leaning against the tall, old-fashioned apple-tree and gazing into the pink and white foam of bloom above, where a pair of robins were building, undisturbed by the soft, dreamy eyes that watched their happy labors.

"Bless thee, Chrissie! will thee tell me what day of the month it is?"

"The twentieth of May, grandmamma."

"Why—why, it's my weddin' anniversary! It's

fifty—fifty—let's see. John will be forty-nine come June; Robert was fifty-two in January, and Henrietta, thy mother, would have been—yes, yes! it's fifty-six years to-day since I was married."

Christine sat down on the rock, with its circle of flower-bells, and looked with smiling sympathy in the sweet old face suddenly aflush with memory of that day, fifty-six years ago.

"It's a long, long time to remember—isn't it, grandmamma?"

"No, no, child; it seems only yesterday," was the swift response. "Later events seem longer ago."

"It is a memory very sweet to thee," said Christine, with a far-away, wondering dart of thought to the fifty-sixth anniversary of her own yet uncelebrated wedding-day.

The faded eyes of Grandmamma Simpson glanced shyly aside with the mute, yet eloquent confessions of girlhood.

"It was just such a heavenly day as this," she said, evasively; "not a cloud in the sky, all the birds singing Easter hymns, the air full of the smell of apple-blooms, and dandelion shinin' like gold stars in the grass."

"And grandpapa—I never saw grandpapa," urged Christine, with lovely interest.

The old lady brightened with happiness at this unwonted opportunity to talk of things nearest and dearest to her heart.

"I wish thee could have seen him, dearie; but he died when thee was a child—a babe. He was a very handsome man, Chrissie; I wish I had a proper likeness of him to show thee. I have a little profile view of him in his youth, and a daguerreotype taken when he was fifty. Thee shall see them when we go down. He was so good—I think of him more and more every day. He seems very close. I see the work of his dear hands everywhere. He planted this orchard. Chrissie; he built these walls" (glancing reverently up at the old-time trees and back at the gray-lichened wall beyond); "he made all these great fields and gardens, and he and I, dearie, with hard savin' and strivin', made the blessed little home that thee may see all goin' to rack and ruin down there under the old elm," and the trembling hand pointed to the dismantled, low, brown house standing far back from the road half hidden in a tangle of woodbine and May roses, but showing broken chimneys, hingeless doors, and sashless windows staring, like the eyeless sockets of a skeleton, into vacancy, while beside it a bucketless well-sweep swayed like a solitary mourner over a neglected tomb.

"It makes me feel bad, Chrissie, whenever I turn my eyes toward the old house where all my children were born and where I've spent so many happy days, all gone now. It's sad to see it scorned and goin' to decay. I begged John to

let me stay in the old shelter when he moved into the fine, new house—"nodding toward the conventional farm-house glaring like a square, white paper box in the sun; "but he said if I'd consider how much more it would cost to keep up two family households in that way I would not speak of such a thing. And so I gave up; for thee knows—or maybe thee *don't* know—that we old folks are always a livin' in dread of the trouble and expense we may be after awhile, and kind of savin' and pinchin' all along after our children are raised, so's not to be a burden to 'em at last. But I never have felt at home in the new house with John and Rachel—I don't seem to have a place in it that's mine, really, and I'm always in the way, somehow. I've been an' set on the steps of the old house and cried hours an' hours, thinkin' over how the dear rooms looked in the sweet, gone days, and the blessed comfort we used to take there. Well, well; it's hard to live and see one's old home goin' to destruction and turned into a sheep-pen, ashed for the farm machinery, a house for poultry, and, last of all, a pig-sty, Chrissie. There! there! I didn't mean to make thee cry, dear heart! Don't mind the complaints of thy poor, old, childish Granny," and the old lady wiped her own dim eyes, smiling and patting the hand laid in tender sympathy on hers.

"See here, grandmamma," said the girl, brightening with the roseate opening of a story, which might have—God knew—as sunless an ending as that she had just heard, but she could not read it so, "I want to tell thee—thou wilt like to know—I have a dear lover, who is soon to be my husband—"

"Bless thee, child!"

"And together we have been making a home, which is now ready and waiting to receive us on our marriage-day."

"Dear! dear! That is very sweet!" breathed Grandmamma Simpson, with felicity. "And when is thy wedding-day?"

"A month hence—in the heaven of June. But I have come down here to rest and think in Nature's quiet and to study Aunt Rachel's thrifty ways of housekeeping—"

"And grandmother can teach thee some things, too," suggested the dethroned old housewife.

"Aye, a great deal." And Christine touched her cheek to the toil-worn hand that she held. "Let me tell thee more. In our lovely home—in the most beautiful suburbs of our beautiful city—there is one large room with sunny outlook which is filled with the treasures of a hundred years ago—a thousand times more valued now than then—each article sought with infinite care to harmonize with every other, and the effect is really wonderful and charming as an old-time song, except that there has seemed to both Hugh and myself a lack which we could not define to

characterize and vivify the whole. Since I came here I have found out what it is that we need. It is thyself, grandmamma, in rich brocade, with the softest of India mull crossed over thy bosom, and the daintiest of Martha Washington caps over this shining silver hair which ripples so beautifully on either side of these still fair cheeks. I should love to see thee sitting in the grand state chair, framing thee like a lovely picture, while in the quaint, old-fashioned china from the mahogany table beside thee thy hands dispensed tea to reverent and admiring afternoon visitors. Would it please thee?"

"Dear child!" said grandmamma, her eyes shining with wondering delight. "But thee knows I must stay on the old place for my support."

"Thy support! It is no more than a bird's. Thy support shall be in our love—"

"But John and Rachel say often they cannot afford this and they cannot afford that, because they have Granny to take care of, and there's no telling what a bill of expense she may become."

Christine sprang up and sat down again, with choking breath, seeing a vision of this long life of labor and self-sacrificing love weighed at last in a balance with dollars and cents. But she swiftly recovered her sweet serenity again.

"I want thee for a blessing on our home, grandmamma—grant it," she pleaded, with earnest and loving sincerity; "I want thee. Give thyself to me. It is asking much."

"But thy husband, Chrissie?" objected the old house-mother, shrinking back with the sense of the unwelcome burden she seemed to have become in these later years.

"He will love thee. Hugh will love thee. It will go hard with me if thy old heart does not take him in. May I write to him to come and see thee while I am here?"

"I should be so glad—if Rachel is willing."

A letter went out by the afternoon post addressed to Hugh Gregory, Esq., and running in this wise:

"DEAR HUGH:—Try to find a day this week to come down and visit my rural relations, in whom your keen analytic sense may detect the native root of your transplanted 'Rose,' and discover in the untrained, indigenous wild-brier the rude ancestral qualities which may crop out under unfavorable conditions in the most cultivated and refined offshoot of the original stock, for there is always a tendency to relapse, I suppose. However, if I may find the sweet nature of the dear old grandmother in my relapse you need not mind. Come and see her. She wishes to know you. I hope she will like you as well as I do. I am sure you will love her. She is the soul we have been missing in our Century Room and could not tell what it lacked. I have been trying

to persuade her this morning to bring to us the completeness of charm that we have been seeking. I would like her also to find the place perfected by the life-like portrait of the husband of her youth, whose old-fashioned silhouette, together with a later, full-face view, I send you for Cameron to copy with his matchless art. Tell him to see with the eyes of a maiden in love when he paints, and to omit no charm of feature or expression which these poor models suggest. I hope he will be inspired while he works.

"It is a real joy to see the youth of this dear old mother revived in her sympathy with our happiness, Hugh. What is old age, after all, but the crushing—stamping out—of vital interests in life by succeeding generations that sap all the vigor of the old tree, giving nothing in return, but elbowing it rudely out of the way, leaving it no room nor cause to stand? Now, grandmamma says she really feels no older than when a girl, yet the household treat her like a dilapidated gown that cannot be refreshed, but must be stowed away in some uncanny corner to wait the round of the ragman, who comes unfailingly to gather up all waste at last.

"It makes me sad—angry—to see the blaze of a beautiful, self-sacrificing life smothered and quenched in its own ashes by the ungrateful neglect of those for whom its power has been wholly and unselfishly spent. Shall we, likewise, come to such fate? Is it the lot of all living? 'The Lord do so to me and more also,' let me say in the language of Ruth, if I forget or fail in love and reverence to the veteran in battles that have won for me the peace of fairer fields, the beauty of which I would share with the fallen winner."

Grandmamma Simpson, in her very best gown, with dainty, white cap—fashioned by her granddaughter's own deft fingers—was sitting a few days later in the prim parlor, to which she had been lately promoted by universal family homage, when Christine—who seemed to have worked a miracle in her old life—came in on the arm of her lover, just arrived and smiling with rapturous content.

"Allow me to present to thee, first of all, grandmamma, my Hugh and thy grandson, whom thee will like a little for my sake and a great deal for his own," and the tall, princely figure of the gentleman bent low, as if acknowledging the presence of a queen, while he reverently touched his bearded lips to the aged hand laid tremulously in the warm, firm clasp of his own.

The dear old lady, abashed by such stately courtesy, at first could only stammer her welcome, with the old-fashioned wish that he was well; but there was something so irresistibly genial and charming in the manner of this gracious claimant of her favor that she felt wonderfully at ease the moment he sat down beside her, talking as if he

had known her since the juvenile days when grandmothers are patron saints and he had not outgrown his boyish faith. She could not have told how it was, to be sure, but she chatted away with this polished man of the world with a simplicity and freedom unknown with strangers, and which she could not have felt with the smart young man of the house whom she had loved and humored as a child, but who now patronized her with a kind of careless insolence and rude forbearance that unconsciously held her silent and shrinking in his presence.

"I am delighted to find that you are willing to honor us with your society in our motherless home, dear madame. It will be a great comfort to both Christine and myself," concluded Hugh Gregory, bending low, with another gentle pressure of the old lady's hand, as he rose to pay his respects to Aunt Rachel and Cousin Lydia, just entering.

It was curious what a sudden rise grandmother took in the family esteem. It was so utterly absurd that she should leave her old home and travel off with these worldly young people to live in town.

John and Rachel quite objected to any such "high-flyin' notion," but grandmother's mind was fixed on the change with the desire and fervor of youth and could not be unsettled without violence.

The wedding-day, therefore, saw her happy at home in the lovely suburban cottage, waiting, with flower and feast, the entrance of the bridal party. In the old-time room, at once dedicated to her use, she had found the thrilling welcome of her husband's life-like portrait smiling on her with the tender eyes of his youth, and seeming, to her imagination, as real as the world about her; and seated beside him in her chair of state, she presided with a gracious dignity that was not suspected in her son John's kitchen, entertaining the guests who flocked to pay their respects with a quaint, sweet simplicity so unconventional and refreshing that they were carried captive by its charm.

"What surprise will the serene, happy Christine prepare for us next?" was the wondering comment of one admiring friend. "It was not enough that she should come at once from the church to this tree-embowered gem of a cottage, to spend her honeymoon in idyllic housekeeping, instead of sailing off on the conventional wedding-tour, but she enchants us with a reception from this delightfully rural and sweet old grandmother, reigning like a queen among her lovely, old-time surroundings, which the rest of us find a little bit out of harmony in our homes."

"And it is so enchanting to see a dear, old-fashioned grandmother in these days when old ladies seem to have gone out with Revolutionary memories," said another. "The sight soothes one

like the slow throbbing of this ancient clock, which suggests the infinite calm of eternity, while the nervous beat, beat, of our modern timekeeper seems to set us in breathless scramble after the flitting temporal things which we perpetually grasp and lose."

"No doubt the charming Mrs. Gregory has given an impetus that will start her whole circle of novelty-seeking friends in quest of quaint grandmothers vegetating in moldy and forgotten seclusion away in unvisited rural districts," smiled a listening gentleman, with aly dart of ridicule at feminine followings.

"Only so few of us have the hidden treasure of a delightful old grandmamma like this, Mr. Harrison," was the plaintive rejoinder.

"But believe me, my dear Mrs. Seymour, the patient and persistent seeking of you ladies for odd antiquities, if addressed in the direction of Mrs. Gregory's finding, would develop many a neglected old house-mother without protective family ties, who would give much more character to your homes than the battered trumpery of old mahogany and cracked china which you are at such pains to accumulate, and which has no human feeling to be quickened by your devotion. There is a certain artistic pride in the glance which Mrs. Gregory now and then casts at the lovely old mother in her quaint dress, looking, in the frame of her antique chair, like a picture stepping out from the last century; but what touches us with a sense of deepest beauty is the tender love with which she regards her treasure."

ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

A LITTLE TACT.—How much trouble mothers, young and old, would save themselves by a little continuous nursery diplomacy—in other words, tact! It is so much better to secure voluntary discipline than to multiply exacting rules. A reasonable being knows that neglect of right-doing brings suffering to somebody; and how much more useful it is to develop "reason" in a child's mind than sullen obedience! A very successful trainer of her children never gave any utterance beforehand of what a punishment was to be for shortcoming. She was accustomed to say to her children, "Don't you think you had better do thus or so before such a time?" A sort of confidential leading, this, to the right view of things, which comes before obedience proper, and in most cases dispenses with it.

THE man who puts off marriage until he has earned or acquired sufficient property to maintain a style of life that pride and worldly ambition suggest is in great danger of missing both happiness and honor in the relation. He is likely to become the victim of craft and design on the part of those who court his money and position rather than himself.

MARIA'S GHOSTS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

MARIA is my sister. I am called Mike by Maria and the little scholastic. The little scholastic is my wife.

Maria and I are all that are left of our father's family. She is old enough to be my mother, and a jewel of a sister-mother she is to me. She was married late in life to a well-to-do old gentleman, who settled quite a property upon her; but I thought at the time she married him that she was making a mistake, though my opinions upon several matters have been changed a good deal since.

So much for a sort of heading to my story. The beginning is that I wanted the old homestead—a property that Maria held possession of since our mother's death. There was no other property and no settlement; but if I ever thought of the matter at all before the time of this beginning I speak of, I suppose I thought—what was three or four times over true—that I had had my share of the small patrimony in our parents' life-time, and that the homestead belonged, of running-over right, to Maria.

The homestead-house was a low, spread-out, bay-windowed structure just out of the city. Maria kept it shut up for most of the time, but in the summer she took select packs of poor city children—mission-school classes and one thing and another—down for holidays and to stuff them with the plums and cherries that grew there and were taken care of by an ancient and his wife, who lived in a back-kitchen room. Occasionally, too, she went down for a day or so by herself, lived in the old house, walked in the garden, and reminiscenced and communed in her soft and deep-hearted way. But that was rarely; for her husband couldn't bear her out of his sight, and as for going anywhere himself, he was a very mild locomotive.

But the beginning, as I said, is that I wanted the old homestead—and I began to want it about the time the little scholastic promised to have me.

The little scholastic was pale and lean. I wanted the old homestead to fatten out and color her hollow-eyed, hungry-looking face with. I wanted it as an appendage to our city home. I could fix up a few of the old rooms, I thought, buy a little cheap furniture, and then how the little scholastic would walk about under the trees, eat strawberries and cream; and what a Paradise it would seem to her, after the smelling school-rooms, the teachers' meetings and Presidents-of-the-School-Board, the chitter-chatter and hurly-burly that it made my heart bleed to think of in connection with her.

So, you understand, it was the little scholastic set

me on. She would have died rather than have me try to get property away from my sister; for she was as mild and unworldly as an angel in a sun-bonnet picking buttercups; but she set me on, all the same, with her peaked face and her big eyes, patient as a dog's.

One evening in the fall, a few weeks before the time set for our stepping-off, I was riding into the city on horseback, getting home from a business errand. As usual, whenever my mind got a chance to light, it lit on the homestead matter, only solidier than usual. What was the use of shilly-shambling round the gooseberry-bush any longer? I asked myself. I had tried hints with Maria, but she was deaf to my heaviest hints. And what a way she had of looking at a fellow when he tried to hint, drying him up with her eyes and making him feel so dreadfully carnal-minded and mean. Carnal-minded and mean! Who was it that was carnal-minded and mean? That old grip-penny of a husband had kneaded her down into pretty near as little a specimen as he was himself! There they were, without a chick or child in the world, and rich—hanging on like death to that bit of property that they didn't need or want. Couldn't she take her missionary crowd somewhere else for holidays? She might give away and throw away to societies and "Homes" and Tom, Dick, and Harry; but if she couldn't be generous to her own brother she had got to be just, that was all. Half of the homestead property belonged to me by right, and if she couldn't step forward like a lady, now at this critical time of my life, and give me the other half, she should hear what I thought of her. I would have it out with her.

I turned my horse into the street that led to Maria's house, determined to have it out with her that very night. There was a little imp in me as big as a woodchuck. For a few moments I fairly hated my sister. I fastened my horse at the gateway and started to walk through the grove of maple and ash in front of Maria's house. I remember how red the ashberries were that night and how the silver maples shone. I remember it particularly; for the redness and the shine seemed to spit out at me and make me feel angry and prickly. The big house was dark—not a glimmer of light from window, high or low; I remember how angry that made me, too, and how I slashed a tree with my whip, as I said, "If she's gone to bed I'll rout her up. I'll have it out with her to-night and no fooling."

But I didn't rout her up; for Maria's front door was guarded, and as I turned a corner that brought me in full view of it, I saw myself waved back with unearthly still and solemn gestures. I halted against a tree; the strength all oozed out of my legs and backbone before I knew what ailed me, and the little spitting imp inside me drew in

his horns and hid himself in his fur just when he might have been a comfort to me.

"Scart?" Well, yes, I guess I shall have to own that I was "scart." I don't know as I was, either, so much as sort of exploded by the sudden shut-off of my anger toward Maria. I was as cooled down and limpy from that in a minute as though I had been ducked head and heels. I certainly was not so "scart" but that I could realize a pretty considerable dirt-cheapness in myself as I leaned against the tree and bunged out my eyes.

I am not the kind of man that believes in ghosts in general. But what I saw was not ghosts in general; they were ghosts in very particular.

For I recognized them. They were my father and mother and the twins. Yes, the twins—those small ones that seemed to be clinging to each other as they waved their short arms; the twin brothers who had lived their lives and died their deaths before I was born, but whose little biographies had been related over and over to me by my mother and Maria. Not even they—poor babies!—could rest quiet in their little graves, it seemed, but must come up with our father and mother to stand between me and Maria.

I called myself a fool after I had got over the first knock-down of the sight. "An optical illusion in the moonlight," I said, in a whisper that had the shakes surprisingly. "I'll go and see just what it is."

But I had no strength to go forward; my strength all lay in the direction of my horse. I pointed that way, my eyes straight ahead, a feeling on me strong that if I looked over my shoulder I should see those dreadful ghost-twins clinging to each other and toddling after me.

I unhitched my horse, sprung upon him, and the minute I touched his back my scare was over. Optical illusion of some kind or other, I knew. I was sure if I had gone nearer I should have found them out. Still, I was not myself. I was all soaked through with that feeling of dirt-cheapness for having been mad at my sister. Things I hadn't thought of for years came up in my mind as though I had been a drowning man, only there was this difference between me and the drowning man: everything I thought of was connected with one person. My sister was held up before me in a supernatural grip—I couldn't get away. I remembered things that happened in my very baby days; her motherliness and sisterliness breaking out all through my life into loving kindnesses of all shapes and sizes. The things, things, things—oh! how their name was legion!—and how they rushed upon me with one accord as I rode home.

Well, I went home and went to bed, and got up in the morning. And in the morning I felt better. I didn't find myself the mercenary, unthankful

brute that had sneaked away to bed on the night before. My angry feelings toward Maria stayed cooled down, but my business eye was as keen as though I hadn't been drawn over the coals so in my mind the night before. I considered it my duty to go and talk calmly with my sister in regard to the homestead. Calmly and coolly, she'd listen to reason, and if that husband of hers didn't poke his finger too much into other folks' affairs the homestead was mine.

So in the evening I got out my horse and rode over to Maria's to talk calmly and coolly with her. This time I did not hitch at the gate, but rode up the avenue. My heart didn't flutter. I had got myself worked solidly down to common sense, and I did not consider that I had an appointment to keep with ghosts.

There they were, nevertheless. Four white folks before Maria's door, waving me back. They were in pairs—one figure of the outer pair tall and stately, the other with a certain fluttering, willowy movement that my mother used to have; the other pair, small and clinging, with weak swayings of their little white bodies. They were the same figures of the night before—the ghostly family group.

I wish to put it down strong, however, that I should have gone on and investigated at a closer point of view if my horse hadn't failed me. He stopped stock-still, began to shake, and my heels or my whip couldn't budge him. He snorted himself round, galloped through the gate and down the road, and brought me home from Maria's much quicker than he had carried me there.

I turned the scared beast into his stable, and went and hunted up a young chap who occasionally ran errands for me. When I found him I scribbled a simple message to Maria.

"Shortie," I said, "here is a note I want you to take to Mrs. Malloney—up on the hill, you know. When you bring me an answer I have half a dollar for you."

Shortie took the note, and went tugging up the street—half a dollar to the little fellow was a wonderful leg-limberer. He was soon at the restaurant I had appointed him with an answer.

I think they were pretty considerable "searching glances" that I gave him when he came to the table where I sat, holding a newspaper before my eyes. Would he see anything? would he dare go to the door? would Maria come to the door? would she see anything? would she recognize them?—these were the kind of questions that had been crissing and crossing themselves in my mind while I waited.

Shortie stood my searching glances well. He was so eager after his pay, with his dirty hand extended, that he probably didn't notice them. He was puffing and red, and I thought he had

something of a wild look; but that might be accounted for by the run he had. There was nothing unusual in the answer Maria sent to my simple message. She expressed surprise—poor girl!—at the trouble I had taken for so small a matter, answered briefly, and that was all.

The fact is, I was out half a dollar and had gained nothing in particular by it. I would have given a good deal more if I could have got out of Shortie just what he had seen, or if he had really not seen anything at all. But my stomach turned against asking him. A bragging beggar isn't usually asked questions in regard to ghosts and sights by a gentleman quite high up in a business establishment, who cares something for his dignity.

But the gentleman skirmished as he went for the half-dollar and was a good while finding it.

"You wasn't long gone, Shortie. You went right straight ahead, I take it."

"Yes, sir; I did, sir, and come right straight ahead back, sir."

"You saw—ah—Mrs. Malloney herself?"

"Yes, sir, I did. I saw her, sir."

"Ah! She opened the door, did she?"

"Yes, sir, she did. She opened the door, sir."

"What did she say, Shortie?" I asked, in an inviting way, trying my best to get something to the purpose out of him.

Shortie bunged his eyes out at me with as much impatience as he dared show.

"She didn't say nothing at all, sir, as what wasn't necessary at all to say, sir. She just walked her eye over the letter and galloped an answer down as a lady, in a hurry, which she knowed I was in, sir—which I brought to you, sir—which you said you'd give me half a dollar for bringing to you, sir."

"So I will, sir," I answered, sternly. "Don't be in such a hurry. Did she look—ah—ah—well?"

"I should rather guess she did, sir," said Shortie. "She looked weller and better than any lady I most ever see, sir. You look alike awful, you and your sister, Mr. Boyd."

I gave him his money and he was off in a minute. Then I went home, trying to simmer the thing down.

Evidently Shortie and Maria had not seen what I and my horse had unmistakably seen. Unmistakably. There was no use of confounding myself for a fool. My horse was not a fool, and he had seen and been the more frightened of the two. Evidently, then, the figures had stood there to guard Maria's door from me—to keep me from demanding the homestead of her. Others might go on and ring the bell unmolested. Query: If I had sent a dunning message by Shortie in regard to the old homestead, instead of the simple message I did send, would he have been allowed to deliver

it? Probably not. He would have been turned back, even as my horse had been turned back.

Next morning I went to Maria's. My horse shivered as I rode up the avenue, but there was nothing visible to be frightened at. I examined the surroundings of the door, but I saw nothing that explained the matter. In the evening I went up again and looked eagerly for the ghosts, but I did not see them. The ghosts—if ghosts they were—had performed their mission and departed.

But, of course, I didn't go on believing in them very hard as ghosts. After a day or two of the common run of things I found that my faith in ghosts didn't stay. Still, I could not bring myself quite to the sticking point of dunning Maria for the homestead. I seemed to be held back by a dread of my dead relations, so that the effect was the same as though our father and mother and the twins had really risen and stood between us so far as the unpleasantness and heart-burning of a dunning were concerned.

But I continued to hanker after the homestead; nothing held me back from that. My days as a bachelor were almost numbered and I was perturbed and nervous. I was dead sure that the little scholastic would die off on my hands. I was torn all to pieces in my mind in trying to separate her from the shady trees and cool rooms and in seeing her evaporate away from me—so I fretted and gloomed in my thoughts, but did not say a word to Maria.

The last Sunday that I was to be a single man I rode down to the suburbs where the homestead property lay—not that I cared in particular to see it (so I said to myself; it was none of mine; I had better keep away), but on the last Sunday before a man is going to be married he wants to get off alone by himself somewhere and be quiet and still—if he ever does; he wants to meditate and chew over the scenes of his boyhood and be mellow and melancholy.

I had my horse put up at a little public in the vicinity, then meandered off by myself. Of course, I meandered straight for the old homestead, to look at it and long for it and pity myself that it did not belong to me. That was exactly what I had come down from the city for—though, maybe, those things about being quiet and still on the last Sunday before you are married helped along, too. I won't come down on myself too heavy.

But I longed and pitied myself enough as I leaned over the fence and took a good, square look. Nothing very great about it, either, at that season of the year, when the bare trees let into full view the shabbiness of the house and the wind was tearing around among the dry leaves in the yard. However, that did not matter. I longed and pitied in the light—or heat—of all those hot summers that the little scholastic would have to pine and droop.

After awhile I went round to the back quarters, where the ancient and his wife lived, with the idea of getting the keys and going over the old rooms. But neither the ancient nor ancientess were in their den. I did not see the keys on the wall, so I pushed ahead through a back passage that I found unlocked, and thus got into the house.

The rooms were low and large, with little, old-fashioned fireplaces, odd pieces of knocked-up furniture, bare floors with big cracks. But one could bring the furniture together into one or two rooms, put down rugs, if one couldn't afford carpets, and with work-baskets sitting round and windows up, with flowers smelling in and breezes capering through, it wouldn't be so very bad. And, then—the dear little fireplaces!—I could imagine just how the little scholastic would say that: "Oh! the dear little fireplaces!"—and just how she would look sitting in front of them with her thin, blue hands clasped in her lap, her small slippers crossed on a rug.

Well, it was none of the little scholastic's funeral, was my reflective jerk out of the thoughts of what she would say of this or that, into which I kept falling as I went round, opening and shutting doors, backing up before fireplaces, and looking out at windows. Still, I don't think my state of mind was entirely avaricious, even for her dear sake. I think I felt something as a man ought to feel wandering round the deserted rooms of his childhood's home on the last Sunday before he is married. I thought of my mother, who was always lovely and sweet to me, "her baby;" of my father, whom I did not remember well, but whose faint memory was emphasized here and now; of the twins, whose Christian prattlings and sage little walks and ways I had so often been reproached with and admonished by. I was mellow and tender—I am sure of that. I felt no end of unworthy of the little scholastic. I resolved to be a better man. I meant to go to church every Sunday with my wife; my mother would have liked me to do that. But in this mellow and tender state of heart I shall have to own to one spot not so very soft in regard to Maria; Maria, who sailed on a sea of luxury—or, at least, who might so sail if she chose—gripping on to this bit of property that she knew I wanted and needed.

After I had walked awhile through the rooms below, indulging in my mellowness—with its bad spot—I went up-stairs. I looked into my old room under the eaves, into Maria's old room, and then I went on to the room that used to be my mother's—the room she died in. This was the one room in the house that had not been allowed to grow dilapidated and to look deserted. The bed was always fresh with white covers and tidies; the curtains, the furniture, the pincushions—everything was in its old place. Maria took the most particular care of the room. She usually kept it locked.

It would probably be so to-day; but if it were not, I thought I would go in and sit awhile in my mother's room on this last Sunday before I was married.

I reached the door and had my hand almost upon the knob to try it, but I was stopped as suddenly and supernaturally as I had before been stopped and driven back from Maria's house. *I heard my mother's voice inside the room.* I tried to hold myself away from the trembling that crept up over me. I listened as well as I could, but I did not make out any words—only a crying voice, going up and down, breaking off and beginning again in a sobbing way, but an unmistakable voice with the accents of my mother's voice in it. It went through and through me and cut like a knife, carrying with it into the very core of my soul that feeling of terrorized abjectness and meanness that I had had on the first night I saw the white figures. A man to make the spirit of his mother come back to her old haunts to mourn and lament over him was the kind of man I felt myself to be.

I could not stand the crying long; I turned and fled, with barely strength enough left to do it, and as I fled, the house seemed full of presences just ready to break out before me. I felt brooded over by the twins, breathing hard upon me in the superior, accusing way of their pious little memories.

I got out of the house somehow, and the wind took hold of me and braced me up. My feelings changed so rapidly that after my walk back to the little public I was pretty near myself again. Still, I did not for a moment doubt that I had heard a crying voice in my mother's room; I was as certain of it as I was of my own existence, and I was almost as certain that it was my mother's voice. But why should a man run away from his mother's voice? Would my mother, or my mother's spirit, harm me? Was I not my mother's child as well as Maria? Why was I to have my feelings harrowed up, to be waved back and cried and sobbed to, while Maria was petted and cherished? Was I such a wretch and swindler as these things would indicate?

I defied dead or living to show wherein I had injured my sister, except, perhaps, in my thoughts in regard to the old homestead. Did it require such unearthly help to keep her possessed of that? Even if I had demanded it of her, couldn't she have held on to her rights, if such immense rights they were? I seemed to myself to be treated unjustly, and I worked myself up into a jealousy and defiance of this other-world interference.

I ordered dinner and choked it down with a determination to fortify myself for the further events of the day. I wanted my nerves steady—no more of this shaking and fleeing. I was going

back to the old homestead and enter my mother's room, if it were possible to get into it. If the door was locked, I must force the lock. If my mother's spirit was there, so much the better. If it had reproofs to give me, let it give them; I would receive them. But as for being waved back longer, of fleeing at crying voices, it had got to stop. I would be a man in my manhood and insist upon being treated like a man.

MARY E. HAWKINS.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

SHORTNESS OF TIME IN DREAMS.—One of the most remarkable phenomena connected with dreams is the shortness of time needed for their consummation. Lord Brougham says, that, in dictating, a man may frequently fall asleep after uttering a few words, and be awakened by the amanuensis repeating the last word to show he has written the whole. But, though five or six seconds only have elapsed between the delivery of the sentence and its transfer to paper, the sleeper may have passed through a dream extending through half a lifetime. Lord Holland and Mr. Babbage both confirm this theory. The one was listening to a friend reading aloud, and slept from the beginning of one sentence to the latter part of the sentence immediately succeeding; yet during this time he had a dream, the particulars of which would have taken more than a quarter of an hour to write. Mr. Babbage dreamed a succession of events, and woke in time to hear the concluding words of a friend's answer to a question he had just put him. One man was liable to a feeling of suffocation, accompanied by a dream of a skeleton grasping his throat, whenever he slept in a lying posture, and had an attendant to wake him the moment he sank down. But, though awakened the moment he began to sink, that time sufficed for a long struggle with the skeleton. Another man dreamed that he crossed the Atlantic, spent a fortnight in America, and fell overboard when embarking to return; yet his sleep had not lasted more than ten minutes.

FEMININE FRIVOLITIES.—To drudge away life for a place in society, to give precious afternoons to the labor of "paying calls," and to allow indifferent acquaintances, as Emerson said, to devastate the day—to give constant thought to the revision of one's toilette and the improvement of one's visiting-list—this is to be a slave to things. And if the slave do not feel her fetters, so much the worse for her. So many women have not time for the innocent delight of their children's presence, for reading anything beyond the last novel, for any occupation higher than the narrowing round they call their "domestic and social duties."

BUT A PHILISTINE.*

A STORY OF THESE DAYS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XV.

TWO days later Alsey Faxon went to an archery party. She was in higher spirits at lunch than she had been since the scene at the Bluff. She rattled on in her old gay fashion to her uncle and Miss Vane. The target-shooting was to come off in the grounds of a quiet summer hostelry, six miles away. It was to be quite a grand affair, Alsey said. Some fellows from Harvard would be there. It would put them on their mettle, for they would meet girls who had carried off the prize at more than one shooting.

It was pleasant to the two who listened to hear the happy laughter and see the rose-red in the cheeks again.

Miss Vane went out on the piazza to see Alsey off.

"I just hope you won't have so good a time all by yourself that you will be glad you didn't come with me," said the girl, with a slight pout, as she seated herself in the phaeton.

She had at first insisted on her friend's accompanying her; but Natalie had begged to be excused. She was not in a mood for a party of gay young people that afternoon—she could hardly have explained why to herself.

She was returning to her room, and the prospect of a quiet afternoon with her books was looking very attractive, when she met Mr. Thorndike at the foot of the staircase. He accosted her at once with the kindly, familiar tone which had now become his habit with her—

"Ah! here you are, Miss Vane! I was looking out for you. I have a favor to ask."

"What can it possibly be, Mr. Thorndike?" she inquired, rather suspecting he would propose a game—croquet or lawn-tennis.

"I should like to have the pleasure of a horseback ride with you this afternoon. We will start about four o'clock. The exercise is just what you need to bring a little livelier color to your cheeks. The day is perfect, too. Will you give me this pleasure, Miss Vane?"

The question took her a little by surprise. She had frequently been out driving or rowing with Mr. Thorndike, but this was the first time he had invited her to go alone with him. Yet Natalie could hardly have found a reason for hesitating, even if a horseback ride had not been immensely attractive to her.

A little brief talk followed after she had accepted the invitation, and then Natalie went up

stairs to her room, feeling grateful to her host that he had been thoughtful enough to give her this pleasure. It showed a care on his part which made her doubt whether she had always done him quite justice in her thoughts.

At the time appointed Miss Vane came out on the piazza. Mr. Thorndike was awaiting her. As she came toward him the admiration in his eyes deepened the soft bloom of the cheeks under the waving plumes.

"By George, Alsey was right! She would be a match for any princess," the man said to himself, as he assisted Miss Vane to mount Brownie, and then vaulted on Pluto, a great, splendidly built saddle-horse, black as night.

The gentleman turned to his companion.

"I promised you a brisk canter, Miss Vane," he said. "It will be a long one, too. Do you feel equal to it?"

Natalie's eyes flashed. "Try me and see," she said. And they set out.

It was a perfect afternoon for a ride. A light wind blew in from the sea and cooled the heat, which had been oppressive at noonday. Veils of gray, gauzy cloud softened the hot, dazzling blue of the morning. In a little while they struck off into a road that was new to Natalie. It skirted the woods, and yet was so near to the sea that they heard every little while the dash of the waves, and their keen scent mingled with the breath of the pines.

They gave free rein to their horses, and soon the blood of the two splendid creatures was up, and the canter became a race between Pluto and Brownie. It seemed a pity there was nobody to see it, for riders and horses were a fine sight as they swept that summer afternoon through the woods and along the great stretches of open, rocky highway above the sea.

Mr. Thorndike's solid, erect figure looked well on horseback. Its masculine strength made a fine contrast with the graceful curves of his companion's. Natalie seemed in her right place when she was on horseback. She had the ease of live things in their native element—of fish sliding through waves, of deer gamboling in green woods, of birds winging through the blue.

The horses bent to the race. Pluto, with his huge black bulk and fiery strength, and the little Morgan mare, with her arching neck, her slender limbs, and her plump, dappled body. Sometimes one shot a little ahead, sometimes the other, but they often kept abreast for long reaches.

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Natalie's blood fired with the race. There was a superb color in her cheeks, a splendid light in her eyes, as she dashed on over the old, rocky, woodsy road, urging Brownie ahead with a word or a touch of the rein.

Mr. Thorndike grew excited, too. The cool, alert business man felt the old, boyish leap in his pulses as he swept over the ground with Pluto.

At intervals the riders stopped short to rest their horses in some shady stretch of road half buried in wild vines and low wood-growths.

"This is glorious!" exclaimed Natalie, as they subsided into a quiet pace when they could talk to each other.

"Yes," answered her companion. "A man likes to remember, once in awhile, how he felt when he was a boy."

"And a woman how she felt when she was a girl," responded Natalie, gayly.

"That can hardly be yet a remembrance with you, Miss Vane," said her companion, gallantly.

"But it is—a very far-off remembrance sometimes." Natalie spoke with a touch of seriousness in her voice and face, though it vanished the next instant as she asked, archly: "You thought Pluto the better horse, Mr. Thorndike?"

"I did; but the little Morgan holds her own splendidly with him. Pluto, old fellow, look to your laurels!"

Natalie laughed and stroked her mare's dark mane. "Beat him, Brownie, if it's in you," she cried.

There was more of this light talk as they paced the animals through a stretch of woods or up some steep rise, and then dashed off on another three or four mile race.

Once when they drew rein, Natalie suddenly exclaimed—"How Alsey would have enjoyed all this! I wish she could have come with us."

"I don't!" thought Mr. Thorndike. But that was not a thing to say without an explanation, for which the time had not arrived. "She is having fun enough, I'll wager, with her bows and arrows and the girls and the Harvard fellows. She wouldn't exchange places with us, Miss Vane."

This was said just before they entered on the last race. That took nearly half an hour. The road turned toward a low, wooded cape that stretched far into the sea. For the most part the horses kept abreast, but the little Morgan had some reserve force in her. She came in ahead.

"Bravo, bravo, Brownie!" fairly shouted Miss Vane, as the two foaming creatures dashed in and stood breathing heavily among the pines.

Mr. Thorndike took off his hat to her.

"You have won the race," he said. "But I fear it has tired you."

Natalie turned her face, radiant with excited triumph, upon him.

"I haven't a tired muscle in me," she said.

"I wonder if you have an idea how far we are from home this moment," he continued.

"I imagine—it must be the merest guess, of course—about eight miles."

"It is almost eighteen."

"Mr. Thorndike!"

"We have been gone more than two hours," he explained, "and we have come at a break-neck gallop much of the way." As he said this, he sprang from his horse and came to Miss Vane's side. "You will want to dismount here and rest a little before we turn back," he said. "There is something, too, worth seeing just beyond."

"Just beyond" was the open where the cape sloped down in long, rich pastures to the sea. There was a magnificent view for miles up and down the coast. The world of tumbling sea, the bold coast-line, the lighthouses on far headlands, the nearer capes and inlets, the little shelving beaches, all filled Natalie's vision as she stepped out from the woods. They had come at just the right moment; for the sun was going down over the hills behind them and all the sea was alive with red color. Patches and flakes of crimson and yellow light burned in the branches overhead and about the gray boles. The west was a splendid mass of color—long lakes of dazzling, gold-rippled heaps of carmine.

Mr. Thorndike found a seat for his companion on a low, moss-cushioned rock. He glanced over the scene. It was a fine thing in the way of a sunset, he thought; but he had, at that particular moment, something of more consequence on his mind. He was busy watching the face of his companion and debating with himself whether the time had not come to say something for which he had invited her to this afternoon-ride or whether he should wait for their return.

Miss Vane unconsciously helped him to a decision. She had been silent for some time, absorbed in the scene before her. She rose now and turned to Mr. Thorndike.

"What a grand sight it is!" she said. "It was worth coming eighteen miles to see."

She stood by his side, a slender, graceful figure, with the folds of her riding-skirt gathered in her hands. Golden arrows of the sunset glanced and quivered about her. Her eyes—they seemed to have absorbed a part of the glory she had gazed on—smiled gratefully up to him. The sight stirred the man. When Andrew Thorndike once made up his mind to do a thing he would do it promptly, whether it was to close a business-bargain or ask a woman to marry him.

"I am heartily glad if you enjoy the scene," he said. "People often come more than eighteen miles to see it. But I must confess it was not my reason for bringing you here this afternoon."

"It was not?" repeated Natalie, politely attentive.

"No; it was for a more personal reason. I had a question to ask of you, Miss Vane."

"I shall certainly answer it if I can."

He saw she had not the faintest inkling of what was coming. Had another been in her place, Natalie's instincts would probably have been more awake at that moment, but they utterly failed for herself. Mr. Thorndike enjoyed the situation with a man's sense of humor. No young lover's trepidation interfered with his amusement. He would have liked immensely to burst into a hearty laugh over Miss Vane's innocence. He had a sense of masculine power, a keen pleasure in watching the effect of the surprise which he had in store for her. He would not have any circumlocution—not smooth the way by tender or flattering speech. Shrewd as he was, it did not enter his mind that Miss Vane's own character might have something to do with his form of proposing.

Mr. Thorndike charged a single sentence with the truth and aimed its full force at the woman who stood by his side.

"I invited you, Miss Vane, to ride with me this afternoon that I might ask you to be my wife."

It came so suddenly—she was so totally unprepared—it was like a blow. She started a little way from him; all the glowing color fell from her cheeks; her great eyes stared at him in wild amazement. To think of any woman's taking an offer from Andrew Thorndike in that fashion!

"I have given you a great surprise," he said, regretting his precipitancy a little. He ought to have remembered that women had nerves.

"Yes—you have," she said, softly, under her breath.

"I hope it is not an unpleasant one to you, Miss Vane." How kind and tender the firm, incisive tones sounded now!

"I did not suspect—you cannot suppose I ever dreamed of this!" She turned to him as she spoke, with a half-troubled, pleading air, as though she felt herself in some way responsible for his offer.

He hastened to set her at ease.

"I am perfectly certain of that. But you have not answered my question, Miss Vane?"

She drew a long breath.

"It is so strange," speaking half to herself; "I should not imagine I was at all the kind of woman you would want!"

"But you are," he answered, decidedly—"just the kind of woman I want. I am a man given to knowing my own mind."

There was another little pause. Then she turned and looked at the strong, erect figure that gave one so forcible an impression of energy and power.

"It has taken me so wholly by surprise," she

faltered again, under her breath, this time in a perplexed, helpless sort of tone.

Had it been any other woman, Mr. Thorndike might have suspected she was acting a rôle, with a little more than the usual feminine variations; but with Natalie Vane such a thought was impossible. He drew nearer—he laid his hand on her shoulder.

"I shall try to make you a happy woman—I shall do my best for it," he said. The touch of tenderness in his tones had a double attraction, because of the masculine quality behind them.

Natalie's native good sense could not be long in reasserting itself. She was recovering from the surprise which had shaken her from her usual poise. When she spoke, she turned to Mr. Thorndike with a quiet, earnest dignity that was almost solemn.

"Mr. Thorndike," said the voice, soft and steady now, "I cannot answer your question as you would have me without being certain that I love you."

"And you don't feel sure; there is the rub." One might have fancied there was a touch of suppressed amusement in his voice. "I might have known she would be a romantic creature," he was saying to himself.

"It has come upon me so suddenly—I have never thought of you in this light," she said, and though the last sentence was rather broken and vague, he knew it meant that she had never regarded him in the light of a lover. He was not surprised at that.

"Will you sit down here?" he asked; and when she complied without a word, he took a seat beside her on the great boulder that was roughly hollowed into the shape of an immense easy-chair. When he spoke again it was like himself, only the native force was softened by some tenderness that made his speech very effective. Miss Vane heard him telling her what she had become in his heart and his life—what she could be to his future. In the midst of her amazement, she could not fail to have a woman's pleasure at discovering her power over this vigorous, resolute man. The consciousness that it was the result of no effort on her part must have enhanced the pleasure. Her conquest, though she would have shrunk from using that word, was due entirely to her personal attractiveness. No woman could be insensible to that thought. This one sat very still while he talked, her breath coming swiftly, her face turned a little from him to the sea, where the red of the sunset was slowly paling into the gray of the twilight. She had drawn off her gloves; her hands lay in her lap. When he stopped speaking he seemed to have made it hard for her to say "No."

But the "Yes" did not come. Something in her heart held it back.

"If I could answer you differently I should be glad to," she said, turning to him with some doubt

and trouble in her voice and eyes, which might have seemed pathetic to a listener, but which, to a man who was in love with her, seemed very bewitching.

A sudden idea struck Mr. Thorndike.

"Have I a right to ask?" he said—"is there anybody else?"

"Oh! no; it is not that." Her tone seemed to dismiss the monosyllables with a little, swift disdain, as she uttered them.

"Then," he said, "I am satisfied. If you will trust me, I can wait for the love."

A last shaft of golden light illuminated her profile. All its fine lines came out clear and grave as she answered, solemnly:

"Because you are generous, I should be the more inexcusable if I did you a wrong. If I said 'yes' I ought to love you as—as my mother loved my father."

It was a kind of ending which he had not looked for. It gave a new strength and significance to her scruples; it lifted them into another light than that of a young woman's romantic notions. But though her conclusion took him by surprise, Andrew Thorndike was not the least shaken in his purpose. He was not a man to doubt his power to inspire affection in the heart of any woman whom he wished to win. But he thought Miss Vane's hesitancy was due to the suddenness with which he had launched the whole thing on her. With his usual rapid mental processes, he made up his mind and spoke again.

"Then give me the chance—the hope—that the love will come. I will not ask for a decision to-night. You shall have, my dear child, what time you want to answer the question I have asked. Will you promise to consider it—to leave me a hope? I shall not hold you in the least bound."

She turned again and looked at him with a curious, probing gaze. He had risen now and stood before her—a fine, manly presence—in the vigor of his years and strength. He looked down on her very tenderly. She rose and stood by him.

"Yes, I will try," she said, softly.

"How long must I wait?" he asked, taking her hand.

She hesitated a moment.

"Give me four weeks," she said.

He had not thought it would be so long. But he could afford to wait. In his secret soul he had no doubt of the result.

"Yes; it shall be four weeks," he answered.

She flashed up at him a look of grateful relief. Then she said:

"Thank you, Mr. Thorndike. I am sure you will not think me insensible of the honor you have done me."

His answer was all that a man's should have been.

Then he went on to say something of the future.

It was no lover's dream of a Paradise on earth that he painted for the woman he was seeking for his wife. Andrew Thorndike never drew on his imagination—never wasted his strength in building castles in the air. All his visions rested on a broad, secure basis of terra-firma, to which he held a title-deed without flaw. It was his pride that he always dealt in facts; his point of honor that he never promised what he could not perform. Wealth and ease, indulgence and thoughtful care were realities with which he could surround the woman he had chosen. But he did not allude pompously to his wealth. There was nothing ostentatious about his speech. His manner was rather permeated with an air of assured possession, such as a king might have who was offering to share his crown and kingdom with a woman, and who was quite too conscious of the magnitude of his offer to dwell on it.

The two became aware, at last, that the daylight had gone and that the sea lay gray under the gathering stars, and that a moon, large and red, had climbed into the summer sky. There was no more racing through the dark, odorous woods and along the open, moonlit highways that summer night; but they went homeward at a brisk pace. It seemed to Natalie as though she were living over all her past life. She thought of her father and mother and Noel—sleeping a few miles to the south, under the moonlight; she thought of the proud, strong man who rode at her side, and of what he had said to her that afternoon.

Then she tried to put this out of her mind. "There would be time enough to dwell on that in the weeks to come," she said to herself. She tried to talk with him as though nothing had happened. Yet she felt the attempt was futile. She could never regain the old footing with Mr. Thorndike. He could never stand in the same light—never be to her simply Alsey's uncle and her host—the powerful, prosperous, self-assertive owner of Oak Glades. She listened to his talk with a feeling wholly unlike her old one, as though she had now a personal concern in all that he said.

At times they caught the deep baritone of the waves and had visions of the moonlit sea—a world of tumbling, sparkling silver—and they saw the beacon-lights wheeling in great, fiery circles on the far coast-line. Then, as their way led inward, they found themselves in the dusk woods, full of damp, odorous sweetness, where dim, broken moonbeams made curious silver traceries on the ground of black shadows.

Mr. Thorndike's manner was perfection. He never alluded to what had passed. He did his best to set his companion at ease, talking on one subject and another, as the time and place suggested. There was, however, a subtle thoughtfulness and tenderness in his manner, which is so attractive in a powerful nature. There was, too,

a shade of difference in their talk. It had a slightly graver, more personal, tone. Mr. Thorndike related some stories of his boyhood which made her less inclined to laugh than those he had been in the habit of telling Miss Vane. Plainly, things could not be between them as they had been.

They reached home a little after nine o'clock.

Alsey rushed out to meet them on the piazza. She had returned only a little while before.

"To think of you two people stealing a march on me in this fashion!" she exclaimed. "I see now the reason you would not go with me to the target-shooting, Miss Vane."

Natalie was smoothing Brownie's mane.

"I give you my word, Alsey, I had then no more idea of a horseback ride than I had of going to the moon."

Mr. Thorndike came to the rescue.

"I was resolved you should not have all the fun, Alsey; so I invited Miss Vane to a horseback ride, which became a race between Pluto and Brownie."

"An eighteen-mile race," subjoined Natalie, "resolved there should be no mystery in the matter, and Brownie won."

"Over that big, black Pluto!" exclaimed Alsey, capering about in her delight. "Oh! the little, brave, dappled darling!"—and she actually flung her arms about Brownie's neck.

"Come, you chatterbox!" said her uncle, "I'm a ravenously hungry man. Let us go into supper."

At the table Alsey gave them a very vivid account of the target-shooting and how the prize was won. It was evident she did not envy her auditors their long ride.

That night Natalie Vane, just before she crept into bed, paused and said to herself:

"I wonder if I shall wake up to-morrow morning and find it was all a dream—that Mr. Thorndike proposed to me this afternoon!"

The next morning when she awoke the sun was shining brightly into her room. She heard through the open windows the singing of birds and all the fresh sounds of the young day. Natalie sat up in bed. She rubbed her eyes in a way that would have reminded one of a newly awakened child.

"No," she said, speaking very gravely to herself, "it was *not* a dream."

CHAPTER XVI.

IN the light of the new revelation that had come to Natalie Vane, her former blindness seemed almost fatuous. A thousand speeches and attentions of Mr. Thorndike now recurred to her with an entirely new significance. She felt rather mortified, as though her lack of perception in this case must argue some native obtuseness on her part.

"Simplicity is all very charming at sixteen," she said to herself; "but at your age it is not flattering to your intelligence. You ought to blush for yourself, Natalie Vane."

The first feeling after she awoke that morning was a flash of relief that she had still four weeks to decide the momentous question. She clung to the hope that time would bring her the feeling or the knowledge which would make the way clear before her. In all her doubt and bewilderment she fell back on this hope.

But the words that had been spoken remained. They were ever present with Natalie. What they meant to her—what they would make of all her future—this grew to be now the central fact of her thoughts and life.

Natalie Vane was twenty-nine shortly before she came to Oak Glades. A stranger would have thought her several years younger, especially if he had been accustomed to women of softer climates, where youth comes to do its perfect flowering at an earlier period than in Northern New England. She was like the wild Maine-roses that were reddening the meadows after the midsummer, while their sisterhood of milder latitudes had vanished with the June.

But young as she looked, and felt at times, her life had been long enough to outlive a good many of girlhood's illusions. She had the knowledge, too, which grief alone gives to a human soul. With all the elastic joyousness of her nature, she had endured the wrench of what was most precious out of her life. She knew whatever brightness the years might have in store for her, they must hold a shadow also; not darkening, perhaps, but certainly sobering her life. She had looked the world in the face. She knew what it was to be alone in it—not simply alone, but a woman, delicately nurtured, with the tastes and habits which come of refined instincts and associations—a woman, too, without fortune and dependent solely for a livelihood on her own exertions. She had not regarded the latter fact as a misfortune. It had appeared rather in the guise of a blessing when it came to rouse her from the apathy of emotion and interest which followed Noel's death. But the necessity which forced her to exertion had assumed, of late, something of the character of a taskmaster. She had found the details and rudimentary forms of her drawing also wearisome to her. She desired to make the best of her art, else she would not have been an artist. She feared sometimes that the lessons cramped and dulled her creative mood. Yet she could not afford to give up the class. She felt that what Goethe had written at Wilmar more than a century before was true in Boston in the last decade but one of the nineteenth century—"The artist is never paid; it is the artisan."

A good deal of her life was occupied with small

economies. Brave as Natalie was, she could not always regard these with cheerful philosophy. There were times when it did not greatly lighten her burden to reflect how much heavier ones nobler souls had had to carry. She was keenly alive to certain of the graces and elegancies of life—she was used to a refinement of surroundings which, though far removed from splendor, is hardly compatible with poverty. She had already learned, too, that the market to which she must bring her own wares must, in the nature of the case, be always a crowded one. Indeed, there were so many competitors in her own line that her pleasure in the money she had earned, in the prize she had won, was often dashed by the feeling that her gain meant another's loss or disappointment.

But was all that changed now? Had a few words spoken by the sea brought her to the threshold of a new life that would make the old seem very dull and bare by contrast? She was almost dizzied when she looked out on her possible future—it was full of such seductive vistas—vistas of comfort, of graceful ease, of lavish wealth. She drew back at first from all these dazzling visions. She said to herself—"I have no right to think about them now. There will be time enough for these things when I have made up my mind how to answer Mr. Thorndike."

But it was "these things" which were perpetually recurring to her thoughts and imagination. They were always in the foreground when she revolved what Mr. Thorndike had said to her. They were full of subtle suggestions and sweet associations to the heart of the woman, and Natalie Vane was very much a woman.

"But I promised him I would try and love him," she would say to herself, in a kind of admonitory tone, as though it were something she must set about doing, and then, in a few moments, she would be lost in some picture of the future—some vision of an elegant home where she herself would be the mistress and centre of all that had charmed her imagination. Then she would suddenly rouse herself, like one awakening from a dream, and say over the words again until they grew almost a refrain—"But I promised him I would try and love him!"

It was inevitable that the consciousness of what had passed should make some difference in the manner of Mr. Thorndike and his guest toward each other. They were not, of course, a pair of sentimental young lovers, oblivious of other people and betraying their secret in every caressing word and glance. But there was no disguising the interest Mr. Thorndike took in Miss Vane—the pleasure that he had in her society. The man, too, had become the most important personage in Natalie's life. She listened now with a new, curious feeling of interest that touched on

anxiety to everything he said. His thoughts, his opinions, the man that lay behind them—all were now of transcendent consequence to her. The time when she could afford to be content with the pleasant surfaces of his character, with the kindly side of himself that he turned toward her, was gone. She had a heart and a conscience to settle with in the new issues that were at stake between herself and this man.

It could not be possible, after what had passed, that their relations should not have a more intimate character. Mr. Thorndike felt a great accession of interest in all that concerned the woman whom he had asked to share his life. He liked to hear anything she would relate of her past and to confide to her passages of his own.

Natalie, in her turn, listened to anything he might have to say with an interest so eager that it was half anxiety, as though she hoped to find his speech a mirror in which she might behold the best and noblest side of the man.

The tenderness of a vigorous, efficient manhood is always attractive to a woman. It gave to Natalie a new sense of power and protection about her life. There were times when Mr. Thorndike seemed in her eyes like a strong column, against which she could lean her young and lonely womanhood. A man has gained a great point when he can present himself in this light to a woman. But there were other aspects less agreeable in which Mr. Thorndike compelled Miss Vane to regard him.

Whenever it came to talking of human beings and human life he was certain to express himself in a way which made her recoil. His opinions of the world, of the motives that govern mankind, his estimates of men, seemed, to the finer instincts of his listener, hard and low and selfish. If the world were no better, if the mass of human beings were what Andrew Thorndike regarded them, it seemed to Natalie Vane better that they should never have existed.

She saw, too, the utter hopelessness of arguing with him on these issues. He had formed his opinions from a wide experience of the weaknesses and selfishnesses of human nature. It is useless to discuss a question with a man who is absolutely convinced of the infallibility of his own judgment. It is true Mr. Thorndike's regard for his guest, his gallantry for her sex, insured his polite attention when she dissented from him. Sometimes he would meet her challenge of his views with a happy jest or a neatly turned compliment. But she knew that her argument had precisely the weight with him that it would had she expressed an opinion on some delicate question of the stock-market.

When Mr. Thorndike delivered his sentiments with that rather pompous air, with that hard, resolute tone—the tone which implied there was no

appeal from his judgment, Natalie would be painfully conscious of some essential antagonism between themselves. But this feeling would vanish into the background under the influence of his kindly manner. And he was so very kind to Miss Vane during these days, he said to her many graceful and agreeable things—things that a woman would not be a woman if she did not like to hear.

When Miss Vane came to Oak Glades she had, as we have seen, been occasionally startled by some expression that dropped from Alsey, with a hard, metallic discord. It was quite evident, when she talked in this way, that she was simply the mouthpiece of another, and did not at all realize the bearing of the remarks which sounded so oddly from the girlish lips. But Alsey, with her keen, young wits and impulsive heart, was rapidly developing ideas of her own. She had been under a finer influence this summer, and the woman that was to be would owe something to Natalie Vane that neither, perhaps, would ever be conscious of.

Something in the conversation one morning at breakfast brought out one of those hard, sweeping assertions in which Mr. Thorndike was apt to indulge when he spoke of mankind in general.

This time Alsey took him up, in her bright, pert way.

"Uncle Andrew," she said, laying down her knife and fork and looking at him with a mixture of gravity and defiance, "aren't you what people call a pessimist?"

"Very likely," he answered. "People who look at the world as it is and not with *couleur-de-rose* glasses are usually called so, I believe."

"Well," said Alsey, very decidedly, "I don't believe people are so horrid or the world so bad as you make out. I have some faith in human nature."

Mr. Thorndike looked at the pretty, flushed face of the speaker. He was greatly amused.

"You have, have you?" he replied, setting down his cup. "May you have the same pretty philosophy, my dear, at sixty that you have at sixteen?"

"Miss Vane is not sixty, and I am certain she thinks just as I do."

Had Miss Vane been any other woman, Mr. Thorndike's gallantry would not have allowed this challenge to pass; with his traditional ideas of womanhood, he regarded it as quite proper and desirable that this one should remain in happy ignorance of the hard side of things and have her pretty, impracticable theories about it. It was men who had to face the world—to find out the nature of the animal they had to deal with—in the stock-market, in the broker's office, in the warehouse.

"I should know beforehand what Miss Vane's opinion would be. If she is mistaken, it is only because she judges mankind at large by herself."

The smile and glance at Natalie with which

Mr. Thorndike concluded his speech only made it the more significant.

But it fell short of the mark this time. A memory had suddenly started up which was so strongly in contrast with the sentiments her host had expressed that they jarred her like a sharp discord.

"I remember," she said, in that low, vibrative tone, which was with her the sign of strong feeling, "hearing a talk long ago between my father and a gentleman who happened to be our guest at dinner. He was a man of keen intelligence; he had seen a good deal of the world; he prided himself on his knowledge of human nature; he avowed himself a pessimist. There was a long, earnest discussion between the two men who regarded the world from such different standpoints. In the course of the talk the gentleman remarked, 'Read the newspapers for a single day! What a commentary they are, my dear sir, with all their sickening stories of oppression and baseness, of wrong and crime, on your fine theories of the good and the happiness there are in the world! And you can be an optimist in the face of your morning paper!' I remember the man's tone and just how he snapped his fingers as he said those words.

"Thoroughly one," answered papa, 'because against the newspaper column blackest with wrong and crime there shines for me another; but no pen ever wrote it, no type ever published it. It is the story that might be told of a single day's good deeds, a single day's quiet heroisms and beautiful charities. I know that every moment is fragrant with unnumbered acts of patience and pity, of courage and endurance. The clamoring voices, the salient evil, cannot deceive me. The good, from its very nature, must be silent. But it has the majority; it is infinitely more and greater than the evil.'

"And the visitor said:

"My dear sir, I would give all I possess to hold that opinion as you do."

Alsey brought her soft little palms together.

"Ah! that was splendid!" she said. "Now, Mr. Andrew Thorndike, what do you say to that?"

She had a habit of calling him "Mister" when she fancied she had made a strong point against him.

"Your father turned the tables on his guest handsomely," remarked Mr. Thorndike, turning to Natalie. "I think you told me he was a clergyman."

"Yes," she replied.

She knew perfectly the thought that was in his mind—"Of course, the man must talk in that way. It was his trade!"

At such times the gulf between Natalie Vane and this man whom she was trying to love seemed a very wide one.

But a little later, as she was out on the piazza,

Mr. Thorndike came to her with a bunch of the loveliest tea-roses, the dew yet sparkling on the bloom.

"I have just had a telegram which will take me off for the day," he said. "It is very provoking; for I had planned to take you and Alsey on a long drive this afternoon. I wanted to show you some fine views in the neighborhood; but my business won't admit of delay."

"Then Alsey and I will have the lunch to ourselves. You have no idea how we can 'chirp and expand over a muffin,'" replied Natalie, archly.

Mr. Thorndike laughed.

"So you hold up what I am going to miss, as though I were not sufficiently tantalized already! That is like your sex. But though I shall not be there to see it, I want you to bring to the lunch a little fresher color than you did to the breakfast-table. Will you promise to have Brownie out and give her a brisk trot this morning?"

Natalie promised. How kind he was! The feeling with which she had left the breakfast-table slipped into the background. It seemed good to have this thoughtful care, this strong shelter, about her life—her lonely woman's life. She walked up and down the room, thinking about it all, and her imagination was a wonderful necromancer at these times. It brought up picture after picture of her future. The home of grace and ease drew very near. She wandered amid rooms fair with paintings and elegant furnishings. She saw her old authors in handsome book-cases and costly bindings. She sat at a board, where the dainty pottery that was such a delight to her charmed a finer sense than the palate's. And then Natalie would suddenly start and flush crimson and say to herself the old words, "But I promised I would try and love him."

And all the while she was growing more in love with the things he had promised her!

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. THORNDIKE occasionally said to himself, "As nearly as I understand the situation, I am on trial—undergoing a sort of probation!" It afforded him a good deal of amusement; it seemed a position well suited to a youthful lover who had yet to win his spurs. But for a man of his age—a man who had made his mark and won his fortune—there was something irresistibly comical in the place in which he fancied he found himself. His sense of humor in certain directions was strong.

Perhaps he was not, in thus describing his position, so very far out of the way. At any rate, he was as near as he would be likely ever to come to a perception of the relations between himself and Miss Vane. The thing did not wound his self-love, either, any more than if Alsey had in-

sisted on his playing "blind-man's buff" with her.

All men may find it pleasant to assume, occasionally, the rôle of their youth. Mr. Thorndike probably enjoyed the "situation," as he called it. He had accepted it to indulge Miss Vane's scruples. He never for an instant doubted what the result would be. He thought that her hesitancy in accepting him was due to the surprise with which his proposal had overwhelmed her. There was not one woman in a million, he told himself, who would not, on much slighter indications, have been prepared for such a proposal. Still, the fact that she was not and that she had hesitated in clinching such a matrimonial prize, did not give Andrew Thorndike a lower estimate of the woman he had made up his mind to wed.

Her youth, her beauty, her varied charms, would all make him very proud of her; but then he honestly believed that he deserved the best. He could not, by any possibility, conceive there might be a woman in the world too good for him.

That many of her sex held an identical opinion, Natalie was not long without auricular proof. A day or two after the talk at the breakfast-table there was company again at Oak Glades. This time it proved to be a couple of elderly gentlemen—business acquaintances of Mr. Thorndike—with their wives.

There was nothing very distinctive about any of them. The men were of the prosperous, dinner-loving, story-telling type; and the women—what city life and a certain round of social ambitions and a narrow range of thoughts and aims usually make of the wives of rich men. These faded, rather pompous, elegantly dressed women evidently enjoyed flavoring their talk with a little scandal, and laughed over some jokes of their husbands which struck Natalie as in extremely poor taste.

After breakfast Mr. Thorndike took the gentlemen out to survey the grounds, and the ladies, under Mrs. Bell's guidance, made a tour of the house. When they returned they paused in the alcove and surveyed the portraits there. Natalie happened to be at that moment in the next room, standing by a bay-window, quite shielded from view.

"How long did you say he had been a widower, Mrs. Ellsworth?" inquired one of the ladies of her companion, whose acquaintance with Mr. Thorndike seemed to antedate her own.

"Over eight years, Mrs. Windsor," glibly answered the other. "It is very curious that he hasn't married in all this time. What a catch he would be for some woman!"

"Indeed he would!" replied the first speaker. "There ought to be a wife at the head of this beautiful country seat. How many would jump at the chance, too, if he would give it to them!"

"No doubt on that score," rejoined Mrs. Ellsworth. "I happen to know more than one who has done her best to draw him into the net. He is awfully fastidious, I fancy."

"Men are apt to be when they can have their pick," answered Mrs. Windsor. "My husband says there are not many names on 'Change he would bet so high on as Andrew Thorndike. He is getting richer every day. No matter what card turns up blank, he is sure to win."

"Some woman will win him one of these days," said Mrs. Ellsworth, decidedly. "She will be in luck that time."

The footsteps of the returning gentlemen roused Natalie from the absorption in which she had listened to this talk. She made her escape by a side door. Her cheeks were scarlet with the consciousness that she had been an eavesdropper. The talk she had overheard could only have come from narrow—in a certain sense vulgar—natures. It was impossible that it should ever have occurred in her own family. But women of this type represented a large class, she reflected.

In a little while, too, she was going over with what they had said. She knew they had voiced the opinion of the world. If she married him, it would be the general verdict that she had won a great prize. No doubt, many of her sex would envy her—think her a very lucky woman. She would be, certainly, from their standpoint. It was evident, too, others had done their best to win what had come to her unsought, undreamed of. She was, of course, flattered by the consciousness. Then she smiled to herself, thinking that any further efforts of her sex in that line would be vain. The ground was pre-empted now! She was ashamed of herself a minute afterward for the thought. But the talk she had overheard had its influence.

It was, during these days, a very earnest desire of Natalie's that Mr. Thorndike should get some idea of her past—of her childhood and girlhood, of her father and mother and brother, of the home amid whose influences and atmosphere she had grown up. She clung to a belief that if she could only make him once realize these—once comprehend something of the character and aims of those who had been dearest to her—there would henceforth be some finer understanding and sympathy between themselves. With this idea, Natalie never lost an opportunity of relating any incident which she thought might interest Mr. Thorndike or afford him some fresh insight into her young life.

He showed the kindest interest. He asked various questions. The domestic side of the man was attracted by the pictures of that simple, beautiful home which Natalie attempted to bring before him. But here, too, as in so many other cases, there seemed some insuperable barrier between

them. Say what she would, it appeared to Natalie that her hearer could never pass the threshold—never enter into the heart—of that home. His own nature furnished him with no key to interpret what was finest and noblest in the vanished life she was seeking to make real to him.

But Natalie would not admit this to her own soul. She tried to feel that the fault was in herself when Mr. Thorndike's comments on what she had told him showed how wide he was of the mark.

Of course, Noel was always in the foreground of Natalie's pictures. Mr. Thorndike knew a great deal about that brave, gallant youth; about the rich promise of his early manhood—about its sudden blighting. Yet it appeared to Natalie as though he knew nothing; the real Noel was so unlike anything Mr. Thorndike imagined him to be.

The owner of Oak Glades was, like most business men with large interests at stake, frequently perplexed and irritated by the blundering and inefficiency of his subordinates. He often expressed his conviction that the large majority of mankind were hardly better than fools. One day, when he had been particularly annoyed by some letters, he made one of those sweeping animadversions of his kind in Miss Vane's and Alsey's presence.

"You remind me," said the former, "of the way Noel got rid of his vexation one day when he had been particularly aggravated by some blundering—I have forgotten what—on the part of somebody he had depended on. The man had failed him from sheer stupidity, and Noel's whole plan, on which he had set his heart, had gone awry."

"I know how your brother felt. But what was it he did, Miss Vane?" inquired Mr. Thorndike.

"He made a verse of poetry! His indignation expended itself on that bit of rhyme."

Mr. Thorndike lifted his eyebrows in a way which said that method would hardly serve in his case.

His niece exclaimed:

"What a nice way to get rid of one's vexation! Do tell us what the verse was."

"It was addressed to me," replied Natalie. "I had been doing my best to comfort him—telling him the man's stupidity was his misfortune; that people couldn't really be blamed for lack of brains, and plenty of those trite things, when his brow suddenly cleared—he struck an attitude;—I can see the look in his eyes now, as he exclaimed:

"What can you do with a fool, my dear?"

Ah! what can you do?" he said.

"Though you bray him in mortar with pestle, my dear,

He will still be a fool," she said."

Both of Natalie's auditors laughed.

"That was as true as it was bright," said Mr. Thorndike. "I should have liked to know your brother, Miss Vane."

Natalie smiled her thanks on the speaker. Any compliment to Noel was always grateful to her, and she knew Mr. Thorndike meant one. But in a moment she was thinking that he had expressed an impossible wish. He could never really have known Noel.

But it was this glancing grace of thought and speech, this swift humor, this elastic mood, which had made much of the charm of Noel Vane. His gift at rhyme played around all the commonplaces of life and suddenly transmuted them into poetry, as a touch of moonlight transfigures the homeliest things. Those who were best capable of gauging his gifts had predicted for him a large success in certain fields of authorship. Natalie knew that his own highest aspiration lay in that work, though he had never admitted this farther than to say, with a laugh, when some magazine article won him recognition in high quarters: "I expect to be all my life sucking my subsistence through a quill."

Her brother's example and the romantic feeling so natural to budding girlhood made Natalie seek expression in some verses full of young sentiment and flowery metaphors and mazes of moonlight. She carried them triumphantly to Noel.

"My poor Natty!" was his comment on reading them. "That is good enough rhyme, but it isn't poetry."

"And you don't think, then, it would have much of a chance with any of your magazines?" she inquired, rather crestfallen.

"Not a ghost of one, I'm afraid. At least the chances are ten to one the verses would be returned with the thanks of the publisher."

"I have sometimes thought I might write a book, Noel," said his sister, turning to prose, now the prop of poetry had failed her.

Noel shook his head.

"Stick to your pencils and your paint-brushes, Natty," he said.

And time had proved the good sense of his advice. Natalie had long since come to the conclusion that she could never make poems or write books. What gift of expression she had lay in her art. Noel was right there. But Natalie did not overrate her power, did not regard herself a genius. She did not look for fame or fortune in her work. The most she could expect from it would be a very modest income, a great deal of humdrum work, and a life of daily economies.

The good sense which Natalie Vane had inherited from her stock made her very clear-sighted here. She knew what she had to depend on—what she must look forward to.

But this life seemed to grow harder and drearier each day, because of those visions which were constantly haunting her imagination. How the

grace and ease and luxury of the one life brought out sharply the limitations and denials of the other! But something of the courage and strength of her old fighting, God-fearing ancestry was in the blood of this young, delicate woman. It made a marriage without love seem to her something sacrilegious, blasphemous. Her instincts were too keen to permit her to disguise her own feelings. She knew perfectly of what passion of womanly devotion she was capable. She knew, too, that, much as she admired a certain side of Andrew Thorndike—much as his strong qualities compelled her woman's respect—her heart had never felt one thrill of tenderness for him. She could not force it to love. Indeed, as the days went on, it seemed as though the effort she was making for some deeper feeling only defeated itself.

It was useless to strive after an emotion that would not be forced. But this conclusion did not make her less desirous of some feeling strong enough, tender enough, to justify her to herself in telling this man she would be his wife.

For, under all the doubts and perplexities of this time, lay the fear lest she was going to marry this man for his money. That was the spectre that haunted her. "It would be a monstrous wickedness! I had better die than do it," the poor girl said to herself, when all the traditions of her youth and all the fine instincts of her nature rose up in protest at such a consummation.

But Natalie could not die. Every fibre of her being was alert with young, exultant life. Sometimes she wondered what her reply to Mr. Thorndike would be if there were no fortune in the question—if he came to her with nothing to offer but himself. It was, however, impossible to think of him apart from his wealth. That seemed an essential adjunct of the man. Still, Natalie's heart and conscience were hardly reassured by disposing of the question in that fashion.

At times she wondered whether the difference in their ages explained her lack of feeling. Then she thought of her splendid old father—he must have been a good deal Mr. Thorndike's senior, and she could conceive any young woman's loving him. The gulf between them was not one of years.

She remembered, too, those graves, not far to the south of her, in the old parish where she had been born. What would they who slept there think of Andrew Thorndike as the husband of their Natalie? She thought how her father's keen, kindly eyes would have read the real man under all his imperious pride, his belief in himself, his consciousness of the fortune he had achieved. They would have been as far apart as the poles when it came to any real sympathy of feeling or aim.

Yet her father, with his large, generous habit of reading people, would have honored the ener-

getic will, the practical force, of a man like Andrew Thorndike—would have acknowledged that to men of that type commerce owed its glory and civilization much of its progress.

And Noel—she sometimes broke out pathetically, as though he were at her side—"But I am so lonely—I am so lonely, Noel!"

Natalie had, however, many revulsions of mood. She would occasionally tell herself that she was past the period of youthful emotion. That probably explained her lack of feeling at the present time. She did not in the least believe this when she said it. But her reasoning was getting a little confused.

One morning, after saying something of this sort, she suddenly drew up the curtains, went to her mirror, and stood there in a full flood of sunlight. She searched for a solitary gray hair amid the rippling weight of auburn brown, for a hint of crow's feet, for a dawning wrinkle. That relentless light had nothing to reveal but soft young curves and flower-like bloom—nothing but that from finely arched brow to "fruit-shaped" chin. No woman could fail to be flattered by the reflection of that mirror. Natalie apostrophized the vision—"No matter how young you look, you are old and getting older every day. The wrinkles and gray hairs are coming—there will be signs of them—to-morrow, perhaps!"

During these days, too, a remark of a servant-girl, when Natalie was a child, frequently recurred to her. The girl, honest and faithful, was about to throw herself away on a worthless fellow. Natalie's father had remonstrated with her. "Ye must take what comes to ye," the girl had answered, rather grimly.

Natalie had listened with her curious child's ears when her father repeated this speech to her mother. "Really, my dear," he said, "it was a poser. My masculine wits were unequal to a reply! I shall leave you to manage such matters in future. But for all that"—her father's amused tone changed to a serious tone—"the poor girl is going to throw herself away and justify it with a maxim!"

But it struck Natalie that George Eliot had expressed very much the same thing as the servant-girl when she made Esther Lyon say to Felix Holt—"A woman must choose meaner things because only meaner things are offered her."

Then she was angry with herself for thinking of Mr. Thorndike as meaner things. She need not do him injustice if she found she could not love him.

But this alternative was every day growing less agreeable to Natalie Vane. For her highly organized nature, her clear moral perceptions, her delicate appreciation of things noble and lovely, did not affect her discernment of all that material

good which awaited her if she became Mr. Thorndike's wife.

Natalie had had her dreams of young love; but at twenty-nine she had grown wise enough to know that even love could not be, in this human life of ours, all that her young fancy painted it. If it should ever come to her in its amplest, most blessed guise, she knew that it must bear the long strain of daily life; knew that the happiest marriage must involve a frequent exercise of patience and forbearance and self-surrender.

These would be easy enough, she thought, where there was intimate companionship and sympathy—a wide range of tastes and feelings and aspirations in common.

But a union like this, a union that would stimulate and unfold all that was noblest and best in her heart and intellect, made the other seem coarse and mean—a name and a makeshift at best. She had never foreshadowed for herself the rôle of a rich man's wife; she did not hanker after that, now; she could recognize the "essential vulgarity of a life of cushioned idleness." Was she, Natalie Vane, going to be bought, after all, with a fine house, with elegant surroundings, with a future of wealth and ease and luxury? Did it all come to just that, however she might disguise it to her own soul?

These were the questions which forced themselves with relentless pertinacity on the thought of the young woman who, in these waning summer-days, was pacing up and down her chamber with flushes rising and paling in her cheeks and a look of perplexity in her great brown eyes.

The perplexity was usually deepest when Mr. Thorndike had let something fall—it might be a passing remark, a criticism, a jest even, but it had been like a flash of lightning, it had revealed the gulf between them. Then these differences of temperament and quality were always cropping out; it could not be otherwise. Much as he plumed himself on his knowledge of human nature, Andrew Thorndike had not the faintest idea how frequently his remarks fell with chilling and alienating effect on the heart of the woman he had made up his mind to wed.

A coarser-fibred woman would not have minded so much—would probably have laughed off, even if she had not approved of, the sentiments Mr. Thorndike expressed. But Natalie was of another strain. That set of the resolute jaw, that hard ring of the voice, that flash of the keen eyes with which Mr. Thorndike delivered himself of some of his views on questions of morals or of mankind and of the underlying motives which actuated his fellow-beings in their dealings with each other, struck a cold doubt to Natalie's soul. Could she ever give herself to a man who held this hard, narrow, selfish philosophy?

There could, of course, have been but one an-

swer—a swift and irreversible “No” had this side been Andrew Thorndike’s only one. But a man is always something outside of his theories. He is sometimes better than these—sometimes worse.

There was much in this one, as we have seen, that Natalie admired. He had the attraction of a strong character, the power, that always makes itself felt, of a nature that can battle with difficulties, and, after its own genius, compel success. If it was united with masculine egotism and conceit, that was a part of such a temperament, Natalie said to herself. Then some lines of Browning’s would come back to her:

“Power is power, my boy, and still
Marks a man, God’s gift magnific, used for good or ill.”

There was a side, too, which this very power made more attractive in Andrew Thorndike—a kindly, domestic, protecting side. This was the side which, in his marital relations, would be most salient. Natalie’s clear, womanly discernment read him truly here. His own—that which belonged to him—would be precious in his eyes. It was this loyalty, this strong feeling of kindred, which had sheltered Alsey’s young life and made it the joyous thing it was. And whatever hardness and selfishness Andrew Thorndike might show in his business relations, a man of this type, with this domestic side to his nature, would be generous in his home, would lavish his wealth on his wife. Natalie was sure he would make her life all he had promised that day. If there was a deeper life into which he could not enter, that was not the man’s fault. People cannot be what they were not made.

If there was somebody else in the world who might have entered into that life, and to whom it would have been the supremely precious thing in herself, he had not come. There was no probability that he ever would. It did not often fall to the lot of woman to know two such men in the world as her father and Noel. She could not expect that life could send her a third. Perhaps, after all, she was too romantic. Sentimentality belonged to sixteen; it was ridiculous at twenty-nine. Would it not be the part of good sense, would it not be *right*, to accept Mr. Thorndike?

Curious little scenes and events of her life would rise up to Natalie, as she walked her chamber and pondered the question on whose reply all her future must hang.

There was one incident which frequently recurred to her. She was on a visit to some friends in New York. One day they drove to a fashionable milliner’s. She was a little, dark-eyed, thin-faced, wiry-framed Frenchwoman. She evidently desired to make an impression on the stranger who came in the company of some of her wealthiest patrons. She took pains to display her

hats—lovely masterpieces of millinery-art—and was vivacious and voluble, after the manner of her race.

During this time, a group of fresh customers, quiet-looking people, entered the room. The Frenchwoman threw them one of her sharp, incisive glances, then, turning to Natalie, she said, in a low, impressive tone:

“Most of my patrons are carriage, but,” with a shrug of ineffable disdain, “a few are horse-car.”

When they returned home Natalie waxed merry over this remark.

“I never realized before,” she said, “that I was relegated to the horse-car class of feminine humanity. There is no prospect that I shall ever belong to any other. But I shall always have the satisfaction of knowing that I am in the immense majority.”

And now Natalie began to ask herself, with a smile that had a good many different meanings, whether she was, after all, to undergo a different social classification, to find her place assigned her among the milliner’s blissful minority of “carriage humanity”?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COMPANIONABLE PEOPLE.—In every society we find that the people who are called companionable are those who have a knack of making light of their tribulations and vexations and a habit of putting them out of sight; who do not entertain their acquaintances with the recital of a bad baking, a leaky pipe, the children’s measles, the shortcomings of the servants; who know how to keep their melancholy, if they have any, out of their conversation; whose nerves do not furnish them with material for a morning call; who are not always on the outlook for a draught or a change of weather or a slight; who do not lament their poverty aloud and make us feel responsible for it and uncomfortable amidst our plenty. The companionable people never seek to make us dissatisfied with ourselves or our belongings; they talk about the things we like to hear and are silent upon the subjects on which we disagree; they do not differ from us for the sake of differing, and do not announce their opinions as if there were no appeal therefrom.

WE fancy that all our afflictions are sent us directly from above; sometimes we think it in piety and contrition, but oftener in moroseness and discontent. It would be well, however, if we attempted to trace the cause of them; we would probably find their origin in some region of the heart which we never had well explored or in which we had secretly deposited our worst indulgences. The clouds that intercept the heavens from us come not from the heavens, but from the earth.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

OUR story begins and ends with two notes—that is, one at the beginning, one at the end. Here is the one at the beginning:

"PHILADELPHIA, August 1st, '83.

"DEAR JOE:—

"The fellows in the office had quite a discussion over the subject of 'Woman's Rights.' Odd, how that subject comes up again and again, just as we think we've heard the last of it. Jones got hold of a letter from a lady which he seemed more than half inclined to publish; but he first asked our opinion. None of the boys could agree, but every one of us seemed to get some new light, and we finally drifted toward the conclusion that the public generally did not understand the question, but that men were more in favor of women's rights than women themselves were. I could not help wondering what you would say if you were on the spot.

"Now, as you are on your vacation and have nothing special to do, suppose—just for the fun of the thing—you conduct a little independent investigation. You are in your native village, away from the grind of a newspaper office, and have a fair chance. The people of Sylvan Dell compare favorably in intelligence with most communities. See for yourself whether women, as a class, understand what is meant by the term 'Woman's Rights,' and how their sympathies are, and then enlighten me. Of course, this is only a little joke between ourselves. For my part, I believe women, as a rule, don't care anything about the matter.

"Yours, in haste,

"GEORGE."

I was Joe. And I began the investigation at once by questioning dear old Grandmamma Gray, who sat opposite me in the big rocking-chair upon the piazza of the family homestead.

"No," answered grandma, pausing and looking up from her knitting; "I don't believe in woman's rights. I never believed in female school-teachers. When I was young, we thought girls had enough to do to learn to keep house instead of goin' round the country and askin' men's wages. I'll never forget when the first female teacher came to our village and wanted five dollars a week to teach in our district school. She didn't get it. Some of the committee talked pretty plain to her, and she cried like a baby. We thought she oughter cry—settin' herself up to be a man! Old Squire Lawrence up and told her she'd better be washin' the dishes; if she wanted work he'd give her a dollar a week to go into his kitchen. But she wouldn't take it and went away again. Now, if she'd only stuck to her spear, she'd never had that trouble and disgrace."

"But, grandma," I remonstrated, wickedly,

"women have taught ever since, and do to-day. Yet the world goes on."

"Yes," retorted the old lady—some of the fires of youth gleaming in her still dark eyes—"it's goin' on to destruction faster and faster every day!" Miss Smith taught in the little school-house on the hill. I wondered what she had to say. A bright, pretty girl she was, too, though evidently a little worn by her constant care.

"Believe in woman's rights!" she exclaimed. "Certainly not. It is a woman's first duty to be modest and retiring and shield herself from public gaze! Why should you think that I believe in woman's rights?"

"But you teach school," I remarked.

"Teach school!" she repeated, wonderingly. "What has that to do with the question? Teaching is woman's work, if anything is. It seems to be the only thing a single woman can do. But fancy a woman practicing medicine—like a man! Oh!"

And rather than longer contemplate so sweet a face disfigured by an expression of contempt, I hurried out of the school-room and down the street.

My attention was attracted by a modest little sign upon a swinging shutter: "Doctor Lillie Cliff." I immediately thought I would "consult the Doctor."

"Woman's rights!" The dainty little figure drew itself up like a poker and the wavy head tossed most disdainfully. "Do I look like a bold, masculine ranter? I shun—I despise such women!"

"Yet you practice medicine," I calmly assert.

"Suppose I do? That has nothing to do with woman's rights. It always was woman's mission to heal. Women were physicians before men were."

"But think of the opposition encountered by the first women physicians of this era."

"Opposition! Such opposition wasn't worth noticing, for it only came from the ignorant. A woman physician is in her sphere. But, oh! think of a woman lawyer, or a woman facing an audience of men! Horrible!"

If the energetic little Doctor doesn't believe in woman's rights, who does? We have no woman lawyer here in this small town, or perhaps she would say she didn't, either. But I *did* hear that a noted lady lecturer was stopping at our principal hotel. I shall see.

"No, sir," answers the bright young woman who receives me gracefully; "I have no sympathy whatever with woman's rights women. I make it a point to emphasize woman's duty to fulfill her own separate mission. The idea of a woman singing in public makes me shudder. She might find use for her gifts of song in the services of the sanctuary. And women in the pulpit! That is

nothing short of sacrilege. There is a female preacher in the house now, but I do not intend to recognize her."

"Yet you lecture," I faltered—for I must confess my wonder was deepening.

"I do. But what has that to do with woman's rights? A lecturer influences; influence is woman's sphere—almost her only one. But I do not make a show of *myself* and call upon my audience to observe my size of chest and strength of lungs, rather than my gifts of brain; nor do I stand before my Maker and try to usurp the place of His chosen priest."

The female preacher is sedate, middle-aged, motherly. Surely her words will be those of wisdom.

"I discourage all allusion to woman's rights," the reverend lady softly yet firmly begins. "Women will find sufficient occupation for their hands and hearts if they work quietly for the Lord. I dread the thought of women taking extensively to public life and competing with men. Now there is a young lady lecturer in the house at present. She has been represented to me as gifted and industrious. How much better it would be if she devoted her powers of oratory to the winning of souls!"

"You think it proper for women to preach?" I interrogated, timidly.

"Undoubtedly." Her emphasis was decided. "We have sufficient Scripture authority for it. Women first announced the glad tidings, and you remember the fair daughters of Philip and other women, who are named as prophesying and helping the Apostles."

I betake my way home with my head in a whirl, and all on account of lovely woman. On the piazza still sits Grandmamma Gray with her knitting, while running to the gate to meet me—who but Cousin Lucy, one of the best and most admired of our younger concert-singers—a sweet girl, who has achieved popularity by her energy as well as her voice?

"Lucy," I ask, as soon as our first greetings are over, "what do you think of woman's rights?"

"It's all nonsense," she answers, vehemently. "The idea of women practicing medicine, or preaching, or lecturing! They'd better do something womanly."

"Is it womanly to sing at a concert?" I inquire, bringing the application home.

"Most assuredly it is," she responds, in surprise.

"Men can't sing soprano. How could there be concerts without woman's voice? Male concerts are of no account."

I thought I had heard enough for one day. But Lucy presently added:

"I saw a horrid woman reporter on the cars. Miss Langley, she said her name was."

"Miss Langley!" I cry in surprise. "She isn't horrid; she's nice. She is a particular friend of mine."

"Well," admitted Lucy, slowly, "she *looks* nice enough, and I got into conversation with her, until she accidentally told me she was Miss Langley."

"And you told her you were Miss Singer?"

"Of course. Wonder if she'd like to know what I thought of her?"

"And what do you suppose she thought of you?"

"I don't know, and, what's more, I don't care. I am, at least, a *lady*. But think of a woman running around and poking her nose into other people's business, like a man! Why doesn't she stay at home and write love-stories and poetry?"

"Perhaps," I venture to suggest, "they don't pay her so well."

"Well, pay or no pay, let her be womanly or die."

"To close the discussion," I said, "let us go up to the piazza and talk to grandma."

But when we were snugly ensconced in the rustic chairs, the spirit of mischief again took possession of me.

"Grandma," I began, "do you approve of Lucy's singing in public?"

Grandma looked a little troubled, and then answered:

"I did not for a long time, and can't say that I do now. But then Lucy is a good girl, a real lady, and, besides, she supports her mother."

And I wondered how many other unwomanly women, including some I had seen to-day, were good girls, real ladies, and supported their mothers. I began to think of the great army of workingwomen—clerks, store-girls, and others, not in the so-called intellectual circles.

"What do you think of clerks and store-girls?" I asked, addressing my question indifferently to the old lady and the young.

"They're bold, brazen things, every one of them," impetuously declared Lucy. "No decent girl would do anything of the kind. Think of any girl pretending to be a lady, and having to fawn over every Tom, Dick, and Harry who happened to speak to her and demand her services!"

"Well," slowly enunciated grandma, "it doesn't seem modest. But I guess some of the girls may be nice. Still, I don't see why so many girls work nowadays; they ought to find enough to do at home."

I sighed a little, and thought I would complete my circle of investigation by questioning grandma a little further.

"Do you think women ought to write books?"

"No, I do not," was the old lady's unhesitating response; "literary women always neglect their homes and children. Besides, it is very indelicate

for women to presume to instruct men and expect men to read their books."

Just as soon as I could I escaped to the library and opened a bookcase, into which I was sure grandma had never looked, except, perhaps, with the feather-duster in her hand. No doubt my mother and Lucy's had found here most profitable reading. The case held the works of Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, Miss Augusta Evans, Mrs. Almira Lincoln Phelps, Mrs. Dahlgren, and others of that ilk. A little investigation proved to me conclusively that it was proper for a woman to write, to teach, and, with certain restrictions, practice medicine; that women must stay in their sphere and be quiet; that they may have a little education, but after a certain point stop; that they must scorn the very mention of woman's rights—ho, what's this? Miss Evans says it will be a sad day for the world when women so far forget themselves as to study medicine. I believe I'll shut the books, for even these amiable, true-womanly ladies can't agree. Who's that outside? It's Mattie Lee's voice. I emerge from the door just in time to witness a most effusive greeting between her and Lucy.

"I haven't seen you for a whole year," rippled Lucy; "what have you been doing with yourself?"

"Working in a store," unsuspectingly replies poor Mattie.

Awful pause, during which Lucy stares fiercely, grandma gently.

"Why, whatever possessed you to do such a thing as that?" at length demands Lucy.

"Because I wanted money," bravely answered Mattie. "I had to do something, so I thought I'd take just as retired a position as I could get. And—" after a slight interval, during which Mattie returned Lucy's stare with interest—"I couldn't do what you do for the world—and they used to say I sang better than you did!"

Poor Lucy turned crimson. Grandma was evidently annoyed, while Mattie looked defiant. I whistled in an undertone, and then Mattie addressed herself to me:

"I am really going to Swarthmore at last. I have saved up quite a little pile, and pa and ma had to give in. I believe woman's education will solve all the problems of this age. If women would only pay attention to this and let woman's rights alone!"

That night I scribbled off the following to my chum in the city office:

"DEAR GEORGE:—Conducted the investigation as you directed. You were right. Women don't believe in woman's rights—that is, they say they don't and think they don't. But they don't understand the question in all its bearings, as I think you and I, although men, do. If they did, they

would realize that they all wanted certain rights themselves, and at the same time denied a similar privilege to other women. In haste,

"JOE"

And this note concludes our story.

MARGARET B. HARVEY.

SMALL DEBTS.

MR. HERRIOT was sitting in his office one day, when a lad entered and handed him a small slip of paper. It was a bill for five dollars, due to his shoemaker, a poor man who lived in the next square.

"Tell Mr. Grant that I will settle this soon; it isn't just convenient to-day."

The boy retired.

Now Mr. Herriot had a five-dollar bill in his pocket, but he felt as if he couldn't part with it—he didn't like to be entirely out of money. So, acting from this impulse, he had sent the boy away. Very still sat Mr. Herriot for the next five minutes; yet his thoughts were busy. He was not altogether satisfied with himself. The shoemaker was a poor man and needed his money as soon as earned—he was not unadvised of this fact.

"I almost wish I had sent him the five dollars," said Mr. Herriot, at length, half audibly. "He wants it worse than I do."

He mused still further.

"The fact is," he at length exclaimed, starting up, "it's Grant's money, and not mine; and, what is more, he shall have it."

So saying, Herriot took up his hat and left his office.

"Did you get the money, Charles?" said Grant, as his boy entered the shop. There was a good deal of earnestness in the shoemaker's tones.

"No, sir," replied the lad.

"Didn't get the money?"

"No, sir."

"Wasn't Mr. Herriot in?"

"Yes, sir; but he said it wasn't convenient to-day."

"O dear! I'm sorry!" came from the shoemaker, in a depressed voice.

A woman was sitting in Grant's shop when the boy came in; she had now risen and was leaning on the counter; a look of disappointment was in her face.

"It can't be helped, Mrs. Lee," said Grant; "I was sure of getting the money from him. He never disappointed me before. Call in to-morrow and I will try and have it for you."

The woman looked troubled as well as disappointed. Slowly she turned away and left the shop. A few minutes after her departure Herriot

came in and, after a few words of apology, paid his bill.

"Run and get this bill changed into silver for me," said the shoemaker to his boy, the moment his customer had departed.

"Now," said he, as soon as the silver was placed in his hands, "take two dollars to Mrs. Lee and three to Mr. Weaver, across the street. Tell Mr. Weaver that I am obliged to him for having loaned it to me this morning and sorry that I hadn't as much in the house when he sent for it an hour ago."

"I wish I had it, Mrs. Elden, but I assure you that I have not," said Mr. Weaver, the tailor. "I paid out the last dollar just before you came in. But call in to-morrow and you shall have the money, to a certainty."

"But what am I to do to-day? I haven't a cent to bless myself with; and I owe so much at the grocer's where I deal that he won't trust me for anything more."

The tailor looked troubled and the woman lingered. Just at this moment the shoemaker's boy entered.

"Here are the three dollars Mr. Grant borrowed of you this morning," said the lad. "He says he's sorry he hadn't the money when you sent for it awhile ago."

How the faces of the tailor and his needlewoman brightened instantly, as if a gleam of sunshine had penetrated the room.

"Here is just the money I owe you," said the former, in a cheerful voice, and he handed the woman the three dollars he had received. A moment after and he was alone, but with the glad face of the poor woman, whose need he had been able to supply, distinct before him.

Of the three dollars received by the needlewoman, two went to the grocer, on account of her debt to him, half a dollar was paid to an old and needy colored woman who had earned it by scrubbing, and who was waiting for Mrs. Weaver's return from the tailor's to get her due, and thus he was able to provide an evening and a morning's meal for herself and children. The other half-dollar was paid to the baker when he called toward evening to leave the accustomed loaf. Thus, the poor needlewoman had been able to discharge three debts, and at the same time re-establish her credit with the grocer and baker, from whom came the largest portion of the food consumed in her little family.

And now let us follow Mrs. Lee. On her arrival at home, empty handed, from her visit to the shoemaker, who owed her two dollars for work, she found a young girl, in whose pale face were many marks of suffering and care, awaiting her return.

The girl's countenance brightened as she came in; but there was no answering brightness in the countenance of Mrs. Lee, who immediately said:

"I'm very sorry, Harriet, but Mr. Grant put me off until to-morrow. He said he hadn't a dollar in the house."

The girl's disappointment was very great, for the smile she had forced into life instantly faded, and was succeeded by a look of deep distress.

"Do you want the money very badly?" asked Mrs. Lee, in a low, half-choked voice, for the sudden change in the girl's manner had affected her.

"Oh! yes, ma'am, very badly. I left Mary wrapped up in my thick shawl, and a blanket wound all around her feet to keep them warm; but she was coughing dreadfully from the cold air of the room."

"Haven't you a fire?" asked Mrs. Lee, in a quick, surprised tone.

"We have no coal. It was to buy coal that I wanted the money."

Mrs. Lee struck her hands together, and an expression of pain was about passing her lips, when the door of the room opened, and the shoemaker's boy came in.

"Here are two dollars. Mr. Grant sent them."

"God bless Mr. Grant!" The exclamation from Mrs. Lee was involuntary.

On the part of Harriet, to whom one dollar was due, a gush of silent tears marked the effect this timely supply of money produced. She received her portion, and, without trusting her voice with words, hurried away to supply the pressing want at home.

A few doors from the residence of Mrs. Lee lived a man who, some few months before, had become involved in trouble with an evil disposed person, and been forced to defend himself by means of the law. He had employed Mr. Herriot to do what was requisite in the case, for which service the charge was five dollars. The bill had been rendered a few days before, and the man, who was poor, felt very anxious to pay it. He had the money all made up to within a dollar. That dollar Mrs. Lee owed him, and she had promised to give it to him during this day. For hours he had waited, expecting her to come in; but now had nearly given her up. There was another little bill of three dollars which had been sent in to him, and he had just concluded to go and pay that, when Mrs. Lee called with the balance of the money, one dollar, which she had received from the shoemaker, Grant.

Half an hour later, and the pocket-book of Mr. Herriot was no longer empty. His client had called and paid his bill. The five dollars had come back to him.

HOW WOMEN CAN EARN MONEY.

By ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

DESIGNING AND INVENTING.

AN important fact to be considered in the matter of money-making is that brain-work always pays better than manual labor; and that originality, in the form of some "happy hit," is munificently rewarded.

This is especially shown in designs of any kind, from the humblest to the most elaborate; but for this work a certain degree of mechanical skill is required as well as inventive power. It is encouraging to know that "women are now prepared" by special instruction "to fill a position in the design-room of any manufacturer of carpets, wall-paper, silk, lace, calico, etc. And when one learns that an ingrain-carpet designer receives a salary of two thousand five hundred yearly, and that a good wall-paper design brings anywhere from fifteen to seventy-five dollars, this particular field seems among the most inviting in the province of art."

But the conclusion so often jumped at that any one who can make tasteful designs is eligible for positions that command high salaries is by no means certain, as designers, to be successful, have not only to please themselves, but to please the public. The case is cited of some well-grounded pupils from a widely known institution, who desired to sell some of their designs to the proprietors of a flourishing wall-paper establishment. Their reception was all that could be desired, and the samples offered were highly commended. Said the head of the firm, suavely: "Ladies, these patterns are beautiful. They are clever. They are highly artistic. But I will be frank with you. We do not deal to any amount in designs that are beautiful, clever, and highly artistic. As men and brethren, we admire them greatly; but as manufacturers, we care little for the most of them, because they do not sell. Occasionally, in the cities, we can dispose of such wares; but the popular taste, generally speaking, has not yet climbed up to them. Buyers, as a rule, do not appreciate them; and we must manufacture not what we ourselves think the most highly of, but what we can find a market for. I will show you the pattern in wall-papers of which we are now selling the largest quantities."

So saying, he withdrew for a moment, and returned with a sample of what, to those æsthetic and cultivated young women, was "perfectly horrid," and they were not slow to express their estimate of it. "Very true," replied the manufacturer, kindly, "but this we can sell and yours we cannot!"

This anecdote conveys much valuable information to money-makers generally, and especially to those who design or manufacture articles the sale of which must depend on the approbation of the public. This public does not, except to a limited extent, reside in the city where the articles are designed or manufactured, and its taste and standards of criticism are entirely different from those that prevail in the great centre. Business men know this from long experience, and, like the head

of the wall-paper firm, they will reject, for practical purposes, much that seems desirable from a cultured point of view.

A useful pilgrimage for the would-be designer might consist of visits to various manufacturers to examine their stock and obtain, as far as possible, samples of their best-selling goods for careful examination at home. Very few would refuse this aid, if informed of the object; and a very correct idea could thus be obtained of what the public were ready to buy. A lady of my acquaintance spent the leisure moments of an entire winter in a lovely country place designing carpets, whose unique beauty was expected to take the city manufacturers by storm; and very pretty indeed were the purple pansies on a green ground, the palm-leaves of roses on light blue, and the autumn leaves on pale gray. The firm to whom they were offered, by proxy, admired them, said that they displayed great taste and originality, and calmly added that *they could do nothing with them*.

The uninstructed designer shed some tears of disappointment, having built up a prospective fortune on this slight foundation, and then directed her attention to a more prosaic, but more remunerative, occupation. Taste and invention she certainly had, and, with proper instruction and a knowledge of what was really wanted, she might gradually have realized a handsome income.

Another lady, with a desire to acquire the rudiments of designing in a legitimate manner, with the sole view of making her knowledge remunerative, visited a popular institution to ascertain how long a period of tuition would be necessary before she could hope to make any money. Inexorable as fate came the answer that the course covered four years of daily tuition; and at the end of that time she might, if fortunate, obtain a position as designer at eighteen dollars a week. Poor, overburdened woman! she could scarcely have seen her way clear to one year's tuition, monopolizing every working day in the week; but this was an utter extinguisher to all enterprise in that direction, and she, too, retired from the field.

Had Mr. Leland's admirable art-school been in operation then, with its commendable absence of all cumbrous machinery and tedious processes, our disheartened friend would probably now be found in the ranks of successful designers.

There are numberless things to be designed—to which some one may reply, "And numberless people to design them." But this is not so, as the market is by no means overstocked with good designs, and prizes are frequently offered for the best.

Now it is a newspaper that wants a more appropriate heading, and offers fifty dollars for the most satisfactory design. This is by no means a herculean task to one who "knows how." Then a book-cover, at perhaps double the remuneration, is wanted. Sometimes it is a prize-card; sometimes a *portiere*; occasionally a piece of silver; but in any case there is money to be made, and she who has been doing underground work of preparation and now has the tact and nerve to

"seize the opportunity by the hairs," has a fair chance of making it.

It is not possible, in a short article like the present one, to go much into detail; nor is it proposed to do more than offer a few suggestions; but the large field open to those who have practically mastered the principles of design is most alluring, while the candidates are comparatively few. No one with leisure time will be injured by a little, well-directed art-study; and for those with the requisite talent who wish to make money, the way is comparatively easy.

Inventors are proverbially poor; but the poverty-stricken ones are invariably men who waste their own and their wives' resources in wild struggles with machinery of a sponge-like nature that absorbs money in place of water. Women, with some few exceptions, have an instinctive repugnance to machinery in the mass; but on the moderate scale of a sewing-machine it is often full of interest, yet the inventor of this time-saving apparatus was, after all, a man.

Nevertheless, women have been inventors from the earliest times. The use of the silk-worm's thread was discovered by a Chinese empress; lace-making was invented by an Italian and a German woman; cashmere-shawls by an East-Indian queen; straw-bonnets, the cotton-gin, the Burden horseshoe-machine, the baby-carriage, and the paper pail were evolved from the female brain. Miss Hosmer produced marble from limestone, after the Italian Government had long sought in vain for a process by which it could be done. Mrs. Walton planned an invention for deadening the noise of elevated railroads. To Mrs. Manning

the mower and reaper is indebted for its early perfection. The aquarium was originally the device of a woman.

What woman has done woman can do again, and there are plenty of comfort-producing and labor-saving devices awaiting her call to start into being. Why has she not yet regulated that chronic door that is always left open in winter and closed in summer? Why does she not stay the fumes of the all-pervading pipe, that is "such a comfort" to the smoker and such an abomination to the smoked? Why does she not invent an attachment to the stove or range that will consume all odors of frying-fish, boiling-cabbage, and other unsavory necessities of life with a large portion of the community? Why has she not yet turned out a baby-carriage that is incapable of upsetting? or, if occasionally yielding to this infirmity, can do so without endangering the life or limbs of its helpless occupant.

These, and many other such discoveries, promise a shower of gold to the fortunate seeker; and those who "do their own thinking" and who are close and patient observers, find many a brilliant chance for wealth with little outlay of labor or capital. There are fresh worlds of this sort to be discovered, and every Columbus is sure of finding one.

"I really don't see," said a lady, who had engaged herself, in sheer desperation, as local reporter for a daily paper—"I really don't see why something does not happen. There seems to be nothing at all for me to write up."

Things were happening all the time, but it was just as she said—she did not see.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

THE SINGER OF THE "HOLY ANGELS."

A GREAT many years ago there lived in the little town of Val-d'or an old blind basket-maker called André Guillemard. He was one of the poorest people in the place, and they were none of them very rich. But I think that perhaps he was the happiest of them all, for he was so good that every one liked him and was kind to him. He did not live all alone, for he had a dear little grandson called Prosper, and it is about him that I want to tell you a story.

If André was the happiest man in Val-d'or, I think that Prosper was the merriest boy. Such a pretty fellow he was!—with large, gray eyes and rosy-brown cheeks, and curly hair which stood like a glory all round his honest brow. And a regular rogue, too, was Master Prosper—full of all sorts of fun, and enjoying nothing much more than a good game with boys and girls of his own age.

But this was a treat which Prosper didn't often get. His grandfather, being old and blind, wanted some one to take care of him and to help keep his cottage clean and make the garden tidy—though, to be sure, the flowers seemed to look after themselves in a wonderful way, and André's garden was one of the gayest in Val-d'or. But, besides this, Prosper was ten years old now and his grandfather was beginning to teach him the basket and

wicker-work trade. So, you see, he hadn't got much time for games and romps. He was already a little business man, with real work to do for his daily bread.

I can't tell you how much André loved this child whom he had never seen. Prosper was the sunshine of his blind old age—yes, and the music of it, too. I have not told you yet of his voice. How beautifully he sang! You have heard the larks in summer time, haven't you? You know how they sing, up high in the blue, just as if their little hearts would burst for joy? Well, Prosper used to sing like that; because he was so happy that he couldn't help it, and the happiness came out in song.

There was a Cathedral in Val-d'or—a beautiful, sandstone building—all towered and pinnaced outside, and full, inside, of soft lights and lovely colors that crept along the pillared aisles or lay bright upon the floor. The "Church of the Holy Angels" it was called, and I think that the angels must often have been there.

Prosper loved the Cathedral and he seldom passed the door without going in to look at it. It was the most beautiful thing he knew, and he thought that Heaven must be like that—solemn and peaceful and unlike anything else. Often when he went in a service would be going on, and, if so, he would be sure to stay a long time, for he

liked to hear the singing of the choristers; and then, when he got home to his basket-work, he would tell his grandfather how the boys at the Cathedral sang, and how he would give the world, if he had it, to be in the choir. But André would shake his head, for the choristers were all of them sons of the *bourgeoisie*, or better sort of people, and he didn't see how a poor lad like Prosper could ever be a singer at the Holy Angels.

But one day it came about, and this was how it happened.

There are glorious woods on the hillside which overhangs Val-d'or, and up into those woods, when his work was over, Prosper used to go—sometimes of a summer evening—for long rambles. He liked this nearly as well as the Cathedral. Down there, in the beautiful church in the valley, he could only *listen*; here he might sing. And sing he did, to his heart's content—snatches of the Cathedral music, or songs fresh with his own delight. He didn't think whether any one would hear him and he didn't care. He sang, up there in the woods alone, to himself and the birds and God.

But it happened on a certain June evening, when Prosper was on one of his singing rambles, that he was overheard. A carriage was passing through the wood toward Val-d'or, when the lady to whom it belonged, hearing the sound of singing, told the coachman to stop.

"That is surely not a bird?" she inquired.

"No, madam," said the coachman; "it must be one of the Cathedral boys up here for a practice."

"Certainly not," said the lady. "I have never heard that voice in the Cathedral. They have none half so lovely."

Just then Prosper, still singing, came in sight. He stopped suddenly when he saw the carriage and the color rushed to his cheeks. He was not fond of strangers and he did not know this lady—so he turned round and darted like a frightened bird back into the wood.

"Who is that child? Do you know him, Paul?" asked the lady.

"He is the grandson of André Guillemard, the blind basket-maker," said Paul. "I have heard that he sings well."

"You may go on," said his mistress—and the carriage drove quietly along the turfy road which led toward the town.

Madame de Coulanges—for this was the lady's name—lived in a beautiful house a little way out of Val-d'or, up on the hill. She used often to attend the Cathedral and knew all the people there very well. The organist, in particular, was a great friend of hers, and she determined to speak to him about Prosper and coax him to send for the boy in order to try his voice.

This was done, and the organist was as much pleased as Madame had been. Just then there happened to be a vacancy in the choir, and Prosper was readily admitted.

Not many days later a new chorister was seen at the Cathedral; seen, but not yet heard, except as his voice mingled with the rest. And the first time of all that Prosper took his place in the choir, I don't believe he made a sound, for, as he told his grandfather afterward, he felt too happy even to sing.

You may imagine that André was as proud as could be about it, and all the neighbors were glad, too, for Prosper was a general favorite.

For a long time he was only allowed to sing in chorus with the other boys; but on Easter Day he was to sing alone for the first time. He had been chosen to take a very difficult part, which all the other boys had practiced, but failed in.

When the morning came his clear, rich voice rang through the Cathedral like a bell. Never before had the Church of the Angels heard such singing. He was doing it all just as innocently as if he had been alone in the woods. He didn't think about boys, or priests, or congregation, nor yet how he was singing. No thought of praise spoiled the simplicity of his voice; all his heart was in it, and there wasn't room for anything else.

But when the service was over, the boys greeted him with enthusiastic praise. "Prosper, how gloriously you sang!" "How splendid you were to-day!" and with "Bravos" and "Well done's" surprised, and—as you may imagine—pleased, him very much. It was a fine thing then to have a good voice and to be told by every one how very good it was. Here were the same boys whom, less than a year ago, Prosper had listened to himself with such delight, loading him with compliments and congratulating him upon his own singing. It was very nice.

I am afraid that Prosper didn't run home to his dinner that day quite so nimbly as usual. I shouldn't wonder if he put his hands in his pockets and strutted through the town with something of an air, as he heard himself pointed out by one and another along the road as "the beautiful new solo who sang at the Cathedral this morning." It was silly, no doubt; but you wouldn't have been much wiser yourself. Do you think you would?

Prosper, you see, in spite of his pretty face and his beautiful voice, was a regular boy, and not the least of an angel. If he had been an angel he would not have been spoiled by all this flattery, which, I am sorry to say, soon began to be the case.

He often sang alone now. The master was so much pleased with him, and was so sure that he would not break down, that whenever there was a particularly beautiful or difficult solo, it was certain to be given to Prosper. On those days the Cathedral was often quite full, for people used to come from a distance on purpose to hear him. I dare say some of the other boys felt jealous, and I know that Prosper felt vain, but no one seemed to think of this. Madame de Coulanges was charmed at his success, and when she gave parties she often had him to her house to sing to her friends. Besides this, she was so good to him in many ways, and so kind to his grandfather, that Prosper soon became very fond of her. He had found another friend, too, since he had come to the Cathedral, and that was Simon, the old sacristan. Simon took a fancy to Prosper from the first, for his own son had once been chorister here, and Prosper reminded him of Marc. There was nothing that this kind old man liked better than to hear him sing, and the next best thing was to stand in the porch as the people went out after service and listen to their praises of him. I wonder if Simon or any one else noticed that the boy never sang really quite so well as he did that first time? It couldn't be helped, I suppose, but the fresh innocence of his voice was gone; it was beautiful still; but in the old days he used just to sing to himself, without caring whether any one

else heard him or not, and now he *did* care. That was the difference.

But Simon only knew that Prosper reminded him of Marc, and that was reason enough in his eyes why he should be perfect. It was a pity, he thought, that Prosper hadn't come to be chorister before, for he couldn't remain as sacristan much longer, since he was getting very old. Some hints had already been dropped about his leaving, but Simon declared that he wouldn't go. "I've been here now these forty years," he said, "and, if God will let me, I mean to stay here awhile longer. If I am turned away from the Cathedral, where I have served for more than half my life, I shall die of a broken heart." So he was allowed to remain on, but every week he grew more and more feeble, and at last a day came when old Simon's place was empty.

Prosper was not long in finding out what had happened to his friend. He had been seized with a terrible illness, from which, though he might live for some months, it was certain that he could never recover. When he saw Prosper he burst into tears.

"Ah! my son," he said, "I shall never again hear you sing in the beautiful service of the Church. It grieves me; it makes me weep; it is foolish, but I cannot help it."

"Never mind, good Master Simon," said Prosper, "I will come and sing to you whenever you like, and you can hear the Cathedral chimes, and perhaps, with the window open, you'll get some of the music too, as it comes up from the valley."

"It will never be the same, never the same," said poor old Simon. "But God's will be done; and if I have you to come and sing to me sometimes, I'll not complain. Only you mustn't forget me."

"Forget you? indeed I won't! I'll come to you every Sunday afternoon, and once in the week besides, as long," said Prosper, kissing the old man's withered cheek, "as long as ever you live."

Prosper kept his promise truly until the day came, a sad one for Simon, when the doctor told him that he must leave Val-d'or, and go over the other side of the hill to a place where his married daughter lived, which was more healthy and where he would have some one to take care of him and nurse him as he required. I am sure that Simon would rather have died neglected and alone in his own cottage than have lived on for months in greater comfort in a strange place, away from the sound of the Cathedral bells and of Prosper's sweet singing. But he had very little to do with deciding the matter, for one day his daughter came and took him away over the hill to live with her. Simon didn't say much, but he wept quietly to himself. He thought they really might have left him there a little longer, for next week was Christmas, and what would Christmas be to him away from Val-d'or?

"Poor old Simon," said Prosper, when they told him of it; and he thought to himself, "he shall have some Christmas singing all the same, even if I have to walk both ways to give it to him."

Christmas Eve came with all the excitement and bustle which, somehow, it always seems to bring. No snow had fallen yet, but the north

wind blew pitilessly over the hill, through the leafless forest, as you know the north wind does when it says, "There will be snow." Everything looked about as cheerless as it could, yet Prosper, as he buttoned his warm coat across him to set out for the Cathedral service at four o'clock, thought of poor old Simon and determined to keep to his resolution. "It will be cold work going over the hill," he thought, "but perhaps this will be Simon's last Christmas here, and I shall like to think I helped to make it happy."

So an hour later, in the teeth of that bitter wind, while the other choristers were sitting down to a nice hot supper, Prosper set off to go to Simon's cottage. For need I tell you that in spite of his little vanity he was a brave, unselfish boy?

Simon was fretful this evening. It was colder here, he told his daughter, than in Val-d'or; the wind would blow the house down, he was sure—even now his bed was rocking as if it were aboard ship. And poor Marie, as she bustled about to wrap the old man up with shawls and blankets, and tried her best to steady the rickety bed, was forced to own that father was "very difficult" tonight, by which she meant hard to please.

Suddenly the wind went down. It does stop so at times in the midst of a storm. Marie was thankful, for now she hoped her father might drop off to sleep and forget his troubles. Instead of this he turned round and tried to raise himself in bed.

"Marie, what voice is that?" he said.

"There is no voice, father; you are dreaming. The wind has gone down, and it is quiet now; try and go to sleep."

"Don't talk nonsense, Marie. Don't tell me there is no one out there singing. It is Prosper. I know it, I am sure of it. What is to-day?"

"Christmas Eve," said Marie. She, too, heard the voice now.

"Ah! that is it. *Adeste fideles!* I know, I know. Prosper has come to sing to me for my last Christmas." He leaned back in bed and listened with his finger to his lips. Marie stood beside him and listened too.

Out there in the road, already white with fast-falling snow, stood Prosper singing the Christmas hymn, feeling very cold, to be sure, but exceedingly happy, with a sort of triumph in having got there at last. I can tell you it had been no easy matter, for the wind, which was against him all the way, had once or twice very nearly taken him off his legs. He comforted himself with thinking that going home it would help to blow him along, and it would be down-hill all the way; meanwhile he was here, singing, as he had made up his mind to do, to Simon, who would, no doubt, give him a good warm at the fire presently, and perhaps, who knows? something nice and hot to drink.

As soon as he had finished the hymn Marie opened the door and made him come in.

"My son, my dear son," cried Simon, as soon as he saw Prosper. "God bless you for this Christmas Eve. I never thought I should hear your voice again. Next year," he added, softly, "Marc will sing to me, perhaps."

"Don't talk about next year," said Prosper. "Look at me, how white I am; it's snowing for a regular good Christmas, and I'm as cold as can be."

"Sit down by the fire and get warm," said Simon. "Put on a log, Marie, and make a blaze; and then Prosper will sing again presently, won't you?"

"That I will," he answered, and cold as he was he felt glad that he had come, for Simon was so much pleased. Kaspard, Simon's great shaggy dog, came and rubbed himself against Prosper, as if to say, "Thank you for coming out this cold night to sing to my master." Kaspard was a great favorite with Prosper; they had known each other for a long time and had often had fun together.

When Prosper had got quite warm he sang some more hymns to Simon, who listened with his eyes closed and a smile on his kind old face, half-fancying himself back in the Cathedral again. And after that Marie gave him a cup of hot broth and a large piece of roll, before starting to go back to Val-d'or. There was to be a grand service at midnight and Prosper was to sing a difficult new part.

The wind had risen again and was sending the snow in great drifts from the north, and when Marie opened the door to let Prosper out, a great puff of it came into his face and nearly blinded him.

"You must take my umbrella," she said, lifting it down from a shelf, "and Kaspard, his dog; and Heric, a neighbor, had better go with you a bit of the way, if go you must; but it's a terrible night and I think you'd better stay."

"I can't, thank you," said Prosper, proudly. "I am wanted to sing at the service to-night."

Yet down in the bottom of his heart he would have been better pleased to remain; for he shrank from the five-mile walk alone in such a storm; but he took the umbrella and went out, followed by Kaspard, into the dark, howling night.

"May the good God take care of him!" murmured Marie, as she watched him out of sight, and then came in and closed the door.

What a night it was! The wind was blowing round and round on every side; the very air seemed filled with wreaths of snow. It was impossible to tell where the path was, and before Prosper had left the cottage ten minutes he had completely lost his way. Kaspard kept close behind him, with his tail between his legs, disconsolate and frightened, while Prosper pushed on bravely. He need not be at the Cathedral till past eleven; there was plenty of time yet. Oh! but the way; which was it? He stood still a minute and looked round. It was all the same—a pitiless, black sky above, and cruel, white snow all over everything else, and the wind blowing here, there, and everywhere, whistling in his ears till he was nearly deaf with the noise.

It would never do to stop; he should freeze there where he stood; he must walk on in the same direction, and even if it didn't lead to Val-d'or, perhaps it would take him somewhere else. He had not gone on many steps when his foot slipped, sank, and he fell, rolling down, down over the soft snow, and then his head struck against something hard and a great noise (not the wind) came into his ears; and that was all that he remembered.

All that he remembered for nearly a fortnight. When he came to himself again he was in a strange room and the first face that he recognized

was that of his friend, Madame de Coulanges. She told him that he had been found in the snow on Christmas Eve, having fallen and hurt his head very badly. He had been ill ever since, and was a long way from well now, but he had taken a turn for the better and the doctor hoped that he would get quite strong again some day. Prosper smiled and tried to thank her, but he found that he was too weak to speak.

It had chanced that on Christmas Eve, about an hour after the accident happened, Madame de Coulanges was driving in her carriage past the very place where Prosper had fallen. Nobody would have noticed the child lying there, with his face downward in the snow, but for Kaspard, who was keeping watch beside him and who barked furiously as the carriage went by. The coachman, thinking that something was amiss, drew up and the groom went to see what was the matter. Madame de Coulanges was very unhappy when she found that her little favorite had met with an accident. She had him lifted up into her carriage and took him home with her and sent for the doctor and had her own housekeeper to help her nurse him.

You may imagine how much he was missed at the Cathedral; all Val-d'or came to inquire how he was getting on and if he would ever be well enough to be chorister again; but for a fortnight, as we have said, Prosper lay unconscious, and the doctor gave small hope of his recovery. After that he began to mend, but very slowly indeed.

The weeks went on and the color began to creep back into Prosper's cheeks and he was able, with help, to walk from his room into the next, where he could watch the birds making their nests in the ivy and hear them sing. He had never sung since that Christmas night. He could only speak now in a faint whisper, which you could just hear if you were very close to him; his voice was gone! The doctor said that the violent injury to his head and then the long unconsciousness in the snow, had given him such a shock as to make it most likely that he would never recover it. It was hard, as he sat there looking at the birds in the ivy, to know that they could sing, but that he could only listen; and it was harder still to hear the Cathedral chimes and to think of all the other boys taking their parts in the service, while his place was empty. The tears came very often into Prosper's eyes, and they ran down his cheeks, too, when he remembered the happy days when he was the singer of the Holy Angels.

Sometimes at night he would hide his face in the pillow and pray and pray with all his boy's heart that God would give him back his voice. "I'll never be vain of it any more," he would whisper; "only, good God, let me sing again."

And now the spring was nearly gone and Prosper was well at last—fat, rosy, and brown, quite like himself in all but his voice. The doctor said that for this nothing more could be done; a sudden shock might perhaps bring it back again; at any rate, it was more likely to do so than anything else. Meanwhile, they could only wait and hope for the best. Prosper was wonderfully cheerful and happy, and he was looking forward to returning before long to live with his grandfather. But before this, Madame de Coulanges would have it that he should go away for change of air. She would take him to Germany, to Switzerland; he

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should have baths and drink waters and see if that would not restore his voice. Early in June they started and late in August they returned; but nothing had come of it all. It was hopeless then. "When I get home," Prosper said to himself, "I must go and see the Cathedral." Months back they had wanted him to go, but he felt that he couldn't.

It was a lovely day in August when he reached Val-d'or. He left the house of Madame de Coulanges up on the hill, and walked through the town toward his home. He must needs pass the Cathedral—would he, dared he, go in? Yes, he would; he had not seen it for more than eight months; he was brave enough now, surely. No service would be going on, there would be no singing. So he passed through the porch and went in. The full morning sun was streaming through the stained windows into the dim, misty aisles. A low, murmuring sound of a voice in the far distance was just audible, but Prosper heard nothing. He only saw the great columns and arches laid on with tender, creeping, colored lights from the windows. He only felt that he was there, in the Cathedral—his boyhood's heaven. He knelt down on the wide floor close to a clustered marble pillar and kissed it; it was cool and strong.

There came a voice, very sweet, but uncertain,

as if the singer were not sure of his part. A service was going on then, after all—it was the Office for the Dead. The voice rose again, very tremblingly, sang a few notes and stopped. Would there be a break down? The choristers looked at each other, wondering what they should do. Just then a voice came up from the nave—clear, full, and strong; it seemed to gather strength as it went, and the boys recognized at once that it was Prosper's. For a moment after the first outburst he stopped, but only for a moment; he had taken up the part quite unconsciously, he was actually singing before he knew of it. It had broken upon him as a sort of lightning flash of joy: God had heard his prayer, "Let me sing again!"

And oh! it was singing! Prosper's very best, as he knelt there by the pillar in the August sunshine. Only one in the Cathedral did not hear it, and that was old Simon, who lay quietly asleep on the bier. No doubt Marc was singing to him to-day.

For long after this Prosper was known far and wide as the singer of the Holy Angels. His prayer had been fully answered—his voice had come to him again. Do you doubt that his promise was faithfully kept—"I will never be vain of it any more"?

The Home Circle.

THE KNACK OF KNOWING.

WOMEN often marvel when we bring home from the butter-woman's, in the spring and summer months, eight pounds of butter at a time, packed down solid in a new crock. They say "It will get strong long enough before your little family can use it. We only get a three-pound roll at a time, and often we are obliged to use the last of it for biscuit or something else."

By paying an extra price for good butter we get a quality that, with proper attention, will last a year. The neat little woman who makes it seems to have no higher aim than to perform with nicety and skill this important work. With the fine rock-salt is worked in a little saltpetre and some sugar. After thorough working, it is packed solid in crocks that are not quite straight, but incline in at the top. Then in low, flat, new crocks we put a quantity of strong brine, and then turn the crock of butter, top down, into it. This most effectually shuts out all air and the butter remains sweet and new.

We were very glad to think up this plan. It supersedes all others, and when once the one crock in the summer and the half dozen in the winter are put away after this manner, the housewife has no more concern in that quarter. We hope women will not forget this suggestion of ours.

A poor woman called yesterday to inquire if we knew how tripe—like restaurants furnish—was prepared. She had a large family whom she supported by her own labor. All kinds of meat cost so much, and the growing little ones needed it once a day, at least.

Yes, we knew how to clean tripe. It was one of our accomplishments. And we made very plain the way to do it. When the beeve is slaughtered, the utmost care should be taken to keep the outside of the stomach clean. It is generally taken out on clean straw, but this will not do if it is intended for use. The straws will adhere. Better remove it into a basket, or some other cleanly way that may suggest itself. Then shake the contents out through a small hole, rinse with tepid water, and when well washed out, put in about three gallons of warmish water and a lump of unslaked lime the size of a coffee-cup. Put the stomach into a tub of water and shake it about for fifteen minutes, or until the lime is all slaked. Then a good scraping with a dull knife will easily remove all the inside skin and the lime-water will take away all signs of impurity and make the tripe white and clean. Let it lie a few hours in salt and water, then rinse well, and afterward let it lie awhile in clean, cold water. The old formula of our great-grandmothers—of soaking a tripe nine days—is too utterly foolish and funny. It is a whim only. Keep it in a large jar, or some like receptacle, in vinegar and water or weak salt and water. Cut in squares or checks and cook like steak, using a little butter to fry in.

How much time we working-women lose in idle moments! These lost minutes wisely husbanded would have paid well. There are callers, often, who tarry too long and whose tedious calls break in upon our work, until the best of the forenoon is lost in the merest chat. But if the work-basket and all the necessary accompaniments are handy, much of the time could be put to use. Any woman

can work better while talking or listening to conversation. Our neighbor on the Granby farm always has a lot of jobs ready to pick up when she sits down to talk awhile. Jobs, such as repairing button-holes, putting new cuffs on a coat, a pocket in a dress, ripping apart a sheet or blanket that needs the out-edges changed to the centre; darning hose, patching mittens, hemming towels, setting up new knitting work, or any job that seems tedious when other work is more important.

It is a good plan to keep such things lying in the "handy basket" waiting, with needles, thimble, buttons, thread of all sorts, patches, pen-knife, scissors, twist, and everything necessary.

Girls should be taught to save the moments. If they are not, it will be the work of a lifetime to acquire the habit; but if the mother has a place for everything and has habits of order about her house, it is a rich dower her daughter will carry with her when she enters a home of her own. There is nothing more lovable than a serene-faced, intelligent, Christian mother moving about in her household, the light and the glory of that charmed place, Home.

Denman Thompson, in *Joshua Whitcomb*, played last night at the nearest city, fourteen miles away. We heard it a few years ago and the genuine Yankee twang and flavor has remained with us ever since. We had promised Ida that she should hear it sometime.

The time came. Three babies. We planned: The nursing boy, not a year old, must spare "little mamma" from the middle of the afternoon until eleven o'clock, or maybe midnight. The two little girls, Kitty and Grace, were bought off with a promise of something good and pretty from the city. Their supper was prepared of well-cooked mush and creamy milk. Lily was to stay with them till their father came up from the foundry at four o'clock. Then they kissed the fair face of the beloved little mother; felt of her black-silk dress admiringly, and asked that it might be made over for them when they were grown; smoothed the fur trimming of her wrap and wanted new dresses of that soft, warm kind; told her she looked very sweet and pretty, and that they would remember her at their bedtime.

It was a rare treat for the little home-woman—she said quite as good as a resting-spell among the Berkshire hills and the Greenfield meadows and in the old homes of the cousins there. The Yankee twang had the flavor of the good old days—Uncle Josh was so like our own "Uncle Sam'wel" and "Uncle Dan'el" that the pleasant entertainment was doubly enjoyable to us. The train, however, homeward bound, would leave during the last act. We held our watches; it was so hard to break away!—the end would be good! We lingered, and, finally, allowing ourselves twelve minutes to reach the depot, we hurried out. No carriages in sight!—they had all gone. The depot was a mile away, but a slight down-grade, with good moonlight and good pavements. We thought of the little nursing and the tired father and the dear little girls who had promised to feel over on their pillows at midnight for the face of "little mamma," and we said we would test the assertion of Deacon Potts, who was always saying his girls were so light of foot. We had one minute of margin when we reached the depot. The exercise was splendid—quite as exhilarating as a ride on

horseback, and a good deal more funny. So the little wife and mother—tied down at home to her duties and her labors—has a beautiful and cheerful picture to hang away in memory so long as she lives. It will come up before her daily, sometimes, when burdened and weary; it will flit like a jeweled-winged bird before her, and she will smile at the thought of that fine impersonation of New England character—dear old, droll, jolly Joshua Whitcomb.

Women in isolated country places, even, may have a hand on the lever that moves the world if they wish it. In this day of cheap literature, any woman can own books and subscribe for choice periodicals and purchase copies of good paintings. She can have good clothes, visit expositions, hear the best readers, concerts, lectures; attend commencements, and keep near enough to the great heart of the world to be warmly alive to the motive and power and interests that stir the pulses of the universe. There is so much of enjoyment in this life! And when we write this we think of the beautiful things written by patient, serene, godly women who are invalids, and to whose elated souls come nearer than to ours the close companionship of the Divine and Tender Friend.

How comforting the sweetness of those lines in "Recompense:"

"Grieve not, beloved, that such narrow space
Your hopes must still their sparkling plumage hide—
Brooding, unseen, while others sing and soar,
That you alone go in and out no more;
Write on the threshold of this prison place—
Eternity is wide!"

"Sigh not that years unanswering pass away
And life seems all a mockery and a wrong:
The morning and the evening swiftly blend—
Soon as the sorrow and the silence end,
A thousand years shall be as yesterday—
Eternity is long!"

In these winter days, that would perhaps be otherwise tedious, and sometimes lonely, we have found great pleasure in the making of pretty things. Out of the bits of silks, ends of ribbons, old neckties, pieces of ancient and modern wedding dresses, ruffles, bindings, scraps, bonnet trimmings, hat linings, faded remnants, gaily dyed over, and the best parts of worn out silk dresses, we have made a quilt—a nice, large quilt. It did not consume any valuable time. When the days were very cold we could not do much else besides the housework, any way. Then we made a lovely rug, on burlap, out of an old, thin, fine all-wool cashmere shawl. In its day it was grand and gay and soft and pretty, and the rug is the same.

And we made ottomans, covered with pieces of carpet and with handsome cretonne;—made them out of—of—. You never would guess. We did not mean to tell; but that would be selfish and unfair, and the information may be a little bit of the "good time coming" in somebody's household. Well, we made them out of old tin fruit-cans—the kind that the unthrifty woman tosses over the fence into the street or alley, to lie there—a memento of her untidy ways, careless housewifery, and lack of good taste. Place six old cans together in a circle, tie them with a string as the tinner does when you buy them; fasten over the top and bottom a sound piece of pasteboard; put some wadding on top, and then cover with something—no

matter what—and then you are ready for the Brussels, ingrain, or cretonne, for the outside.

Your own ingenuity will help you through after you commence the job. These make humble, but very useful and pretty, presents.

But one pleasant phase of pastime was varnishing and bronzing.

We quite forgot the duties of housekeeping, sometimes. But if the bread got dry, we deceived the dear old Deacon and made him think it was new and delicious by steaming it—a little at a time—in the steamer over the potatoes which we were boiling. The slices would soon cool off and taste just like good bread made yesterday. Or the boiled-vegetable dinner of two or three days ago could be made better than at first by a sprinkle of salt and pepper and steaming; so of the baked beans, boiled sweet potatoes, chicken pie, mince pie, or any sort of pudding. Certainly there is a knack in saving time by these little arts and contrivances.

Very handsome ornaments can be made out of common things by the aid of varnish and bronze. Any plaster-of-Paris figure can be rendered into something pretty and not common. Old picture-frames can be renovated with no trouble at all. The frames of broken mirrors can be made new and a furniture dealer can put in another glass for half the price of a new mirror.

Get at the drug store five cents' worth of common varnish, to which have been added a few drops of Japan varnish. With this preparation varnish your frame, or whatever you may wish to bronze. Then get about five cents' worth of gold bronzing and dip a little bit of velvet into it and rub lightly over every part of the frame or figure or vase. Continue this until every part is well bronzed. Then you may rub it down very smooth, or leave it as it first appears—just as your taste may approve. The little, insipid white figures that the wandering Italian peddles can be made into real statuettes and they will seem rare and interesting. A humble little vase or jar can be made to pass for a good deal more than a vase or jar, when seen from a bracket holding a spray of red berries or painted grasses, or as the base of an artificial vine.

This reminds us that beautiful clusters of red berries, made to intermingle with a wreath or vine of evergreen—out of allspice strung on threads or fine wire, and shaped to imitate a bunch or cluster of berries—can be colored by dipping into melted sealing-wax, or beeswax tinted with vermilion. Really it is a fair imitation and nice to make.

"The knack of knowing!"

How many people go hobbling about with corns on their feet! And the Deacon, after thirty years, is cured sound and well. How simple! No wonder he would hail from the housetop: "Salicylic acid, thirty parts; solid extract cannabis indica, five parts; collodion, two hundred and forty parts. Apply four nights, then a warm footbath, and rub off the collodion. If the corn does not come out easily, repeat till it does. It will come. It has come. Does not hurt at all nor prevent for a moment the use of the stocking. The relief is very great and the rejoicing equally great."

PIPSEY POTTS.

SPRAY-WORK AND FERN PHOTO-GRAPHS.

MY flowers and other matters have recently occupied so much time and thought that my pen almost rusted in its sheath.

Then, one ravishing day in midsummer, when I had entered the lists again and was inditing a cordial invitation to all to take an imaginary walk through my garden, there came letters and a postal from Maidenhair and others, to which I must hasten to reply.

It is the "rising and signifying" which, it will be remembered, was solicited in the August number of our HOME MAGAZINE.

If our young beginner understands that what are popularly known as fern-pictures, or spatter work, are simply leaves and ferns attached to cardboard, sprayed with ink, and then removed—leaving their impression in white on a black, mottled ground—the subjoined brief directions will appear sufficiently clear. If not—if she has never seen one of these exquisite vignettes—I may have failed in making the process of their manufacture plain.

An atomizer is one of the most convenient articles one can use in the work of spattering. The liquid is forced out in so fine a spray, a little practice cannot fail to insure success.

In the absence of this handy little contrivance, the tools required are a tooth-brush, a fine comb, and a piece of fine wire gauze. The materials to be used are indelible ink for articles—such as tidies, etc.—that are to be washed, and India, or Bush's Continental, ink for cardboard or paper ornaments.

Ferns, the leaves of the oak, of ivy, of the rose and geranium may be used to form the design. These should invariably be pressed and thoroughly dried, so that when used they will lie perfectly flat.

Perhaps one of the most familiar spray pictures consists of our Saviour's cross rising out of fern and vine-clustered rocks. Get a piece of cardboard the size you wish, and, if the picture is to be framed, tack the paper on the thin board that fits into the back of your frame. Then cut the cross out of stiff paper and pin it in the position you wish it to occupy. Draw an ink-line all around it, excepting, of course, the foot, and allow it to remain until all is finished—that is, if you want a white cross. Broadly outline with a pen and ink the pedestal, or rocks, on which this precious symbol stands; then group your leaves and ferns, fastening each in place with pins. Be particular to have the pins stand straight up, or when the ink is applied the fine spray may be turned aside and materially mar the whole plan. Before spraying, place the design in a slanting position, so that you can take fair aim; then go ahead. "If at first you don't succeed, try—try again."

If you are using a brush and comb, have your ink handy in an old saucer. Dip the brush, shake vigorously, so as to expel all superfluous moisture; then, having previously fastened your wire gauze at a proper distance and angle, draw the comb gently through the bristles, being careful to send only the finest possible shower across the face of the picture. After the whole has received one uniform coat of color and the ink has dried, a second application is necessary, and prob-

THE first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, and the third good humor.

ably a third—always beginning in the centre and moving toward the outer edges.

I have used Bush's Continental Ink for photograph tinting and heartily recommend it for its fine, flowing qualities and for the brilliancy and permanence of its colors.

If our young beginner has a box of these inks and wishes to blend two colors—gold and brown, for instance—begin with the gold. When this has dried thoroughly, apply a coat of brown, then gold again, alternating until the picture is considered sufficiently dark.

A fine effect may be produced by raying the cross with gold; then covering that portion over, so that no brown ink should fall there, and just having a sprinkle of gold all through for a finish. Finally, if when removing the leaves and ferns some are discovered not to be sufficiently outlined, touch up with brown and vein the larger leaves and heavier ferns with gold. If the picture is simply black and white, retouch with a small pen dipped in ink of the same color as that used.

If a motto is desired, you will require either plain or perforated cardboard and parts of letters cut out of pasteboard. I say parts of letters, because, for instance, in forming the motto, "Home, sweet Home," you will want one or more graceful ferns laid across the initial letter, and in order to secure a good leaf print the H should be cut in sections, with the fern-spray crossing between.

Lamp-shades of cardboard and paper, screens for windows, lamp-mats, and tidies, can be decorated, but the materials should be changed to suit the purpose for which the article is to be used.

The photographic method of making fern pictures is as follows:

Cover a sheet of paper with a weak solution of salt in water and some white of an egg well beaten; after this is dry, take it into a dark room, and with a tuft of cotton pass over it a solution of nitrate of silver (fifty grains to an ounce of water), dry it in the dark, and the coat of chloride of silver formed on its surface will receive the impression.

Then arrange your ferns according to fancy between two panes of glass, cut the paper containing this preparation to the same size as the glass plates, place it under them, and expose to the direct rays of the sun.

Watch until the imprint is sufficiently clear; then, before removing the paper from under the glass, lift the whole and carry into a dark room. Here place the picture in a solution of hyposulphite of soda, which will dissolve the chloride of silver but leave the decomposed material (finely divided black silver), which forms the dark background, while the shadows of the leaves will be white.

For the crystallization with alum of insects, grasses, mosses, etc., Hattie may try the following:

Put eighteen ounces of alum into a quart of water (keeping the same proportion for a greater or less quantity) and dissolve it by simmering (not boiling) it gently over a moderate fire, stirring it frequently with a stick or wooden spoon. When the solution is completed it must be poured into a deep glazed jar, and as it cools the subject intended to be crystallized should be tied with a piece of thread or twine to a stick which is to be laid across the mouth of the jar, where they must

be allowed to remain undisturbed twenty-four hours. When taken out hang them up in a shady place until perfectly dry. Care must be taken that the solution is neither too hot nor too cold, as in the one case the crystals will be very small and in the other much too large.

The colors may be varied by heating over the solution and adding a few drops of any liquid dye or of the fancy inks already mentioned. Also, you may make blue-green crystals with sulphate of copper, and amber crystals with chromate of potash instead of the alum.

For whitening ferns, try chlorine or washing soda dissolved in water. If sulphur is used, tie the stems so as to allow the fronds to hang straight down; then, if you have a small keg or barrel knock both ends out, turn it over the sulphur, suspend your specimens, and, after lighting, cover tightly.

Allow me to say just here that letters addressed to me, directed to Philadelphia, will reach me.

By the way, I should like ever so much to hear from the lady who called on me last year—she with the tender brown eyes full of dreams. I was under a cloud at the time, and could neither do her nor myself justice. My time is too largely occupied to permit of my opening up a correspondence in any direction, but if this young friend will send a line or two to the address in her note-book, I shall be greatly pleased.

To those who lent our seed mission such generous aid and encouragement, and to the donor of the little packet coming like a sweet afterthought, I want to say, in conclusion, that if I do not write an entertaining article about four boys' and one girl's garden it will be my fault, not theirs.

Maybe, though, you will have to wait until Mr. Arthur puts a snow scene on the title-page. I don't know.

Meanwhile, as Tiny Tim would say, "God bless us all!"

MADGE CARROL.

LICHENS FROM WAYSIDE ROCKS.

No. 14.

YOU will have to travel far in thought, dear friends—far from the old corner where so often we have met to find the wayside rock on which I am resting now. And when you have found it you will rejoice with me. I little expected, a few months ago, that the New Year would bestow on me such joy as this. That the longing dream of years would at last find realization now, bringing me back to the beautiful, sunny South, where some of the most delightful days of early girlhood were passed.

I had begun to fear I would nevermore see it—never again look on the faces of those so beloved, who made that former visit such a pleasant one; but the wheel of fortune turned with the bright side up for me this time. The past two weeks have been one constant round of happy meetings with friends of yore.

After the first day of travel I stopped to rest and visit awhile in the city where the first few years of invalidism were passed. Here the friends who then thought I was only waiting, slowly and painfully, for the final release from earthly bondage, gathered around me now, with pleased surprise and warm congratulations. So

much enjoyment was derived from their companionship that it was hard to leave them so soon to go onward. But in another city, a friend known in childhood and never since seen until now, was waiting for me with cordial welcome, and in his hospitable home two more happy days were spent and an unexpected pleasure reaped in finding another friend of earliest days—the companion of my parents and kindred in the old Kentucky home.

Oh! how strangely pleasant it was to be with those who had known the dear ones gone, in their young, happy days, to recall reminiscences of that treasured past and feel that the friendship once given to them had descended to their children.

Kindly attentions were also showered on me by those never known before, but who treated me with the warmest cordiality for the sake of husband and father. One bright girl-face I shall never forget, which set itself—a sweet, fresh picture—in my heart, ever to be cherished there.

It would have been delightful to remain many days in this cheerful home, but other voices were calling me further southward, and soon we were going swiftly onward to reach the final goal.

Leaving the city at dusk, we rode out of its brilliant lights, out of the red sunset glow into the darkness of night. Looking out of the window, giant trees seemed rushing past us, holding out their gaunt, bare arms, as if to snatch at the passing train. Sometimes the different sound of the wheels denoted that we were passing over bridges, and I could faintly discern the waters of a broad creek or narrow river. But no thought of fear touched my senses or disturbed my contented heart. Sleeping at intervals, waking as we passed through many a town and stopped for a brief minute, at length I watched the light slowly gathering in the east, and the rosy dawn gave place to beautiful day.

On we rushed, through the pine forests of Mississippi, where gray Southern moss hung in long festoons from the trees; through the magnolia and orange groves of Louisiana, past swamps filled with rushes and palmettos, and at length, shining in the sunlight, the spires and towers of the dear old "Crescent City" rose once more upon my eager sight.

And now, here in the lovely spot which through all the intervening years has been the earthly paradise of my longing heart, the days are one ceaseless round of happy hours filled with sweet content and thankfulness. Again the dear faces are around me that beamed on me long ago, lit up with the same old love; and new faces besides—those of the children of that time now grown into man and womanhood. It is almost too delightful to be true for me, and I half fear, sometimes, awakening to find it only a blissful dream. To think that, after all the suffering and helplessness of years, strength sufficient should be gained to travel this long distance and sit again with them around the fireside and join in the light-hearted mirth and jest!

There are old friends to meet and old scenes to be talked over, and amid the pleasurable excitement that is just enough to stimulate, I grow strong and bright.

Then the flowers, with their perfumes that come back like a dream of something sweet.

As I walked through the gardens where I used

to wander on those halcyon days when first I learned what sweetness life could hold, looking at flowers whose bloom is like to those long-faded ones, youth comes back and walks beside me, whispering of many little acts and scenes in the drama now passed away so completely. Louise and her brother and sister are gone—far away. How much I miss them from the old place, which they once made so bright. No more walks together upon the broad, grassy levee by the river-side, gathering shells and pebbles and talking the foolish nothings which then were so amusing. No more gatherings in the old parlor at evening, with Ellen and Otto to sing and play the songs which few sing now. But there are others who remember me and whose greetings are very pleasant.

May is with me here—for this is her home—and we spend many happy hours together again, often talking of the old days when she and Rosalie and Edna gathered around "my window" or in "my corner."

The few years since we met have only added dignity and worth to her character. A large field of noble work is hers—to cheer her parents' way as their years advance, and to be companion and counselor for the young brothers who look to her for their home enjoyment. What influence she may wield with them for good or ill is incalculable. Out of the love which now binds them all together in such happy fellowship, she may weave strong chains to hold them in her keeping, and draw them, with subtle, unseen leading, in the true path of life.

Twilight is approaching, and sounds of exquisite music lure me to the parlor, where I know the young musician of the family is drawing forth the sublime harmonies and reveling in the liquid melodies of the great masters. Thither let me go and end the day of peaceful enjoyment and congenial work in one of the purest pleasures that life ever affords.

LICHEN.

BY WAY OF CONSOLATION.

"SHE is fearfully plain looking, poor thing! I am so sorry for her."

The remark suggested the propriety of saying a few words by way of consolation to those daughters of Eve who do not inherit their great-grandmothers' beauty. Now, in spite of all the old "saws" pronouncing it to be "but skin-deep," all beauty-loving natures desire to possess some of the elements of that beauty in form or feature, or both. Yet, strange to say, these persons are often the very ones who bear the cross of physical ugliness. To these a word or two, prompted by loving sympathy, may not come amiss.

In the first place, there seems to be a law of compensation for all such apparently afflicted ones, if they could only discern and profit by it. For example, two young ladies, whose extremely plain faces touched closely upon the repulsive, were gifted with the sweetest voices it was ever my privilege to hear. One was the only daughter of an ex-Governor and Secretary of State, and was not only "fearfully plain looking," but also walked with such ungainly strides, bending her lank figure almost double, that the boys in the street would mimic her gait and cut up capers be-

hind her back; yet let her but speak in the hearing of those same gamins, and the last one of the grinning crowd would stand gazing after her, half-spellbound with admiration. The other was a Scotch lassie, and it was no uncommon occurrence for strangers who heard her uttering the merest commonplaces of ordinary greeting, on the street or upon leaving places of public resort, to inquire eagerly of those about them—"Pray, who is that young lady with the charming voice?"

These two had discerned and were profiting by the divine law of compensation. Others have found and are still finding out the comfort to be derived from the existence of this sublime law in the cultivation of an intellect of extraordinary capacity united to a countenance of quite as extraordinary ugliness. But there may be some whose eyes are searching this article for comfortable solace under the afflictive dispensation of a face and figure devoid of any single line of beauty, whose voice, unfortunately, refuses to submit itself to control and will not become "flute-like" or disperse itself in silvery cadences, but persists in remaining harsh and discordant—whose intellect is but ordinary and whose whole existence partakes, as it were, of the general ugliness.

"What shall I do?" questions such an one; "my soul is sick unto death of looking upon so repulsive a tenement. I long with inexpressible yearning to be attractive, yet am denied the most insignificant of all the elements of beauty."

To you, too, dear sister, I can say a word or two by way of consolation, and first, let me tell you a true story. Several years ago it was my lot to come in contact with a life whose beauty still blooms in the garden of memory, like a rare and lovely flower shedding a refreshing perfume. Mrs. Hannah was very homely in face, form, and lacking in almost every personal endowment. There was not an attractive feature in her appearance to a casual observer. You might search in vain for beauty of voice, carriage, or intellect. Yet meet her kindred and question them; meet her friends and listen to what they were delighted to have an opportunity of saying. Above all, seek out the poor whom she had first sought out, and what a revelation would there be! Now, it so chanced that this woman fell sick unto death. The ungainly form was torn and spent with suffering; the homely features grew ghastly with the shadow of approaching dissolution. Then did we discover that this unworthy world had been for full fifty years entertaining "an angel unawares." Strong men bowed themselves at her bedside; the weeping poor besieged the house night and day for news of her condition; her relatives were quite beside themselves with sorrow. Ah! what a life had then and there its sublime consummation! No beautiful woman had ever queened it in like manner over so many hearts and lives, unless she had done in secret and unknown of her most intimate friend such a multitude of loving acts and deeds of sweet and thoughtful kindness. One who, in ignorance of her inner beauty, had said, "It must be just dreadful to be as plain looking as Mrs. Hannah—she has not a single attractive thing about her," lived to fairly weep with admiration of her beautiful life and the touching incidents related by one and another, while the death-dew gathered on the brow, so soon to wear a crown of light.

Need you a word more? Do you not see that it is the life we live, not the face we wear or the form we bear, which shall count, after all, in the end. Make beauty, then, if you cannot have it. Live beauty, if you are denied it in face and form. A beautiful person deserves very little credit for anything she may do or say, simply because everything about her is attractive, and she cannot help pleasing. While one who has nothing pleasing about her, and who may be obliged to fight every step of the way with both hands, and whose life may be one long, hard battle with untoward circumstances and almost invincible obstacles, deserves praise for each upward step taken by the weary feet, each victory gained in the fearful conflict.

This, then, by way of consolation, O ye homely daughters of men! There is a beauty not of face or figure, which shall expand, like a blossom plucked from a tree in Paradise, into greater loveliness with each succeeding year of your earthly life, throwing out richer perfume, giving sweeter pleasure to all who come in contact with you. This, the beauty of loving acts, of merciful deeds, of tender charity, each of us may possess, whatever our outward appearance, and once possessing it we need grieve no longer over personal unattractiveness, that will be forgotten or unheeded in the contemplation of the sublimer beauty of a Christ-like character.

RUTH ARGYLE.

THE HOLD-FAST PRINCIPLE.

PROFESSOR FARADAY was coming from his lecture-room one night after the lights were out, when he dropped something in the hall. He groped about for a time in search of it, until a student accompanying him remarked:

"Oh! well, we can find it to-morrow. It will make no great difference, I suppose."

"That is true," said the Professor; "but it is of grave consequence to me, as a principle, that I am not foiled in my determination to find it."

Perhaps that was one of the great secrets of his becoming so distinguished a man of science. He was not easily set back in his determination to wrest from Nature the great secrets which he coveted.

It is an Eastern proverb, "There are but two creatures that can surmount the Pyramids—the eagle and the snail." Not many of us can ever soar like the eagle, but few of us are so feeble and lowly that we cannot creep like the snail, and even an inch by inch process will in time bring us to the summit. What most boys and girls want, even more than they do gold watches and handsome dresses, is a determination to really win their way in life. It is really half the battle. I have seen it take a poor girl through a course of study at Mt. Holyoke, when it seemed as if she had only about half enough money to stay at home with in comparative comfort. She was not a remarkable scholar either, but she made the very most of mediocre abilities; and, as Miss Emily Faithful says, "It is remarkable how well the majority of mediocre people succeed." Quite as well on the average as the geniuses.

Twenty-five years ago a friend said to me: "If you wish for an excellent pattern for cutting your dresses, go to Mrs. Demorest, on Broadway, and she will cut one by measure that will be sure to

fit." It was only a small dressmaking establishment, kept by a busy American woman, who worked hard herself at her trade. The popularity of her cut-paper patterns showed her the possibilities that lay in that line, and she began little by little to extend it. Now she has an army of men and women in her employ, and sends off vast quantities of paper patterns to every part of the

world where clothes are worn. Her little shop in Broadway has grown into an immense establishment and built up a fine fortune.

A good idea, well worked out, will enable many another boy and girl to rise to a similar position. But they must hold on through thick and thin, and not give way before small discouragements.

MAYBELLE.

Evenings with the Poets.

TO MISS D., IN HER ALBUM.

WHEN June is young and day is new,
The rose-tree, budding at the gate,
Feels but a finger's touch, and straight
It bathes the hand in dew!

When June is old and evening glooms,
The rose-tree, spent in all its fires,
Yields nothing to the heart's desires
But showers of shattered blooms.

My tree of song that rang with rain
Beneath my touch at morning's prime,
Now yields but faded leaves of rhyme
That blow about the plain.

But round them still some perfume clings;
And so I lift them from their place
And hide them in this golden vase
To sleep with sweeter things.

And yet I but restore the dower
Which, when we met at first, I stole
And bore away in heart and soul—
The memory of a flower! J. G. HOLLAND.

SHADOWS.

A ZEPHYR moves the maple-trees,
And straightway o'er the grass
The shadows of their branches shift—
Shift, Love, but do not pass.

So, though with time, a change may come,
Within my steadfast heart
The shadow of thy form may stir,
But cannot, Love, depart.

ANNA C. GREEN.

A ROSE SONG.

WHY are roses red—
For roses once were white?
Because the loving nightingales
Sang on their thorns all night—
Sang till the blood they shed
Had dyed the roses red.

Why are white roses white—
For roses once were red?
Because the sorrowing nightingales
Wept when the night was fled—
Wept till their tears of light
Had washed the roses white!

Why are the roses sweet—
For once they had no scent?
Because one day the Queen of Love,
Who to Adonis went,
Brushed them with heavenly feet—
That made the roses sweet!

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

SNOWFLAKES.

FALLING all the night time,
Falling all the day,
Crystal-winged and voiceless,
On their downward way;

Falling through the darkness,
Falling through the light,
Covering with beauty
Vale and mountain height.

Never summer blossoms
Dwelt so fair as these;
Never lay like glory
On the fields and trees.

Rare the airy wreathing,
Deftly turned the scroll,
Hung in woodland arches,
Crowning meadow knoll.

Freest, chastest fancies,
Votive art, may be,
Winter's sculptors rear to
Summer's memory. J. V. CHENEY.

THE MILKMAID.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

A CROSS the grass I see her pass,
She comes with tripping pace—
A maid I know—and March winds blow
Her hair across her face.
With a hey, Dolly! ho, Dolly!
Dolly shall be mine
Before the spray is white with May,
Or blooms the eglantine.

The March winds blow; I watch her go;
Her eye is brown and clear—
Her cheek is brown and soft as down
(To those who see it near).
With a hey, etc.

What has she not that they have got—
The dames that walk in silk?
If she undo her 'kerchief blue,
Her neck is white as milk.
With a hey, etc.

Let those who will be proud and chill;
For me, from June to June,
My Dolly's words are sweet as curds—
Her laugh is like a tune.
With a hey, etc.

Break, break to hear, O crocus-spear!
O tall Lent-lilies, flame!
There'll be a bride at Easter-tide,
And Dolly is her name!
With a hey, etc.

AUSTIN DOBSON, in *Harper's Magazine*.

Character Sketches.

GOTTLIEB HANSMEYER IN TROUBLE.

DERE vos a goot many dings 'boutt dees country vot I not pootty much very vell understandt already, und mit vitch I gits soomtimes mineself great into dtroubles. Ven I vas in der Faterlandt, mine friendt, Gustav Schmidt, he writes me vonsht seferal times dot I better hadt koom to der Unitedt Shtadtes; dot I makes more monies; dot I haf free sbeech, und if I haf dtroubles mit my vife der law here vould gif me great prifilege und condrol her.

Vell, Katrina she vos pootty badt soomtimes, und ven I wants her to gkroom der horse or shblidt der kindtlin vile I schmokes mine bipe und haf my efening for metidashun, she rase nooch fuss und say it vos not a voman's blace to shblidt kindtlin und gkroom der horse, und she valk off und bay me no attenshun. Und ven I dtell her de voman vas made for der man to be ein help-meet, vitch it vos blain she shouldt help mit his vork, und dot der help musht go py der orders off der von dot vos to pe helpdt, she yusht laft in mine faces already; und ven she see dot I look pootty redt, she yusht toss her hedt und valk off.

Den I gits me oudt mine friendt Schmidt's letter vonsht again soomtimes, und ven I readt it ofer I sidt to mineself, "Mebbe I guess I vill go to dot country vere der laws uphold der man in his blace as der headt off his vamilie und vere he haf free sbeech und makes more monies pesides. I guess I vill."

Vell, I didt koom, und I gits more into dtroubles as I vas pefore. Der vas somedings 'boutt dees country dot vos pootty hardt ven I not understandt already, soomtimes, und dot vos aboutt der laws, vitch dey not effery times mean vat dey say. Schmidt, he writes to me dot der vos a law in Pennsylvany dot ven a man's vife she gits madt he shouldt shdick her in vatter. I say to mineself, "Dot ish goot. I gits me ein large parrel und I puts it oudt back off der house, und ven Katrina she say:

"Gottlieb, vot for von put dot parrel oudt back off der house dere?" I vill say:

"I put it by der shpondt to catch der vatter ven it rains, Katrina."

Vell, I fix dot parrel, und dot night it raint pootty hardt und turndt cpldt und freeze der ice on dot vatter. In der morning I vake Katrina und I say:

"Katrina it vos time von shouldt get oop und make der fire und get der preakfast vile I take leetle more nap." I say.

"Meppe, ven I got it ready, I vould better koom to der berb und vash your face, vonct, undt den feedt you your preakfast, so you vill be able to rise," she say.

"Katrina, vill von got oop und make der fire und get der preakfast?" I saidt, in a firm voice.

"Ven I take leetle more nap vile von shblidt der kindtlin rich you forgot lasht night," she say, und den she turndt ofer und shut her eyes vonsht again.

I feel my face gettin' pootty redt, und I say to mineself:

"Gottlieb Hansmeyer, now is der time for you to show dot you shouldt pe master off dees house vonsht, soomtimes already. Now is der time you shouldt uphold your dignitee. Now is der time you shouldt teech Katrina der voman shouldt be ein helpmeet for der man," I saidt to mineself.

Katrina vas a schmall leetle voman, und I vas pootty broadt und vide oudt, so ven I got oop und dress mineself it vas not wery hardt yusht to pick her oop mit der sheet und go oudt py der corner off der shedt-kitchen, und ven I preak der ice I shdick her in dot parrel of vatter, py der laws of der Commonwelth of Pennsylvany. Of course, she kick und shkream und git so madt she put on her close und go right off mit oudt git me mine preakfast, und file a koomblaindt. Und vat you dinks? Vy, I haf more dtrouble as effer. I gets into der court, und der Chudge he findt me; und ven I say to him:

"A schmart Chudge you are, I dinks, but you not knows der law; den vat for are you Chudge? I dells you vat der law is, vich meppe you don't know dot it say a man 'haf a right to put his vife in vatter ven she not pefase herself proper already?"* Vat for are you such ein fool as pe Chudge ven you not know der law? Hey? How i-h dot?"

Und so help me off he didn't gif me ten days for "contempt off Court," he say! Und ven I sehtay dose ten days I dinks to mineself:

"Vere is der free sbeech vat Gustav Schmidt he writes aboutt in dees country? Hey? Free sbeech means dot you say vat you blease, I dinks, und yet, ven I say vat I blease to der Court he gits me ten days! Und vat for is der law in der book dot a man should shdick his vife in vatter off she not pefase herself, off der law can't pe enforced?" I asks mineself. "Now dot Katrina is vorse as effer. She koom und pring me mine bipe und she say:

"Here, Gottlieb, I prings your bipe. I'll go home und shblidt der kindtlin vile you schmoke und spendt der efening in metidashun," she say.

Vell, ven der ten days vas oudt, I go home in der morning pootty early, und Katrina vas yusht make der fire, und she say to me:

"Gottlieb, don't you goin' to take leetle more nap vile I make der fire und git der preakfast? Hey?"

I look at her pootty schraight for 'boutt von meenit, und den I say:

"Katrina, off von say dot to me again I vill ect py der law off Pennsylvany und put you in dot—"

But yusht there I vas more in dtroubles vat to say, for I ect by der law und free sbeech pefore, und I haf to pay der fine und got ten days; und

* * Lastly, a common-sold communis-rizatriz (forour law Latin confines it to the feminine gender), is a public nuisance to her neighborhood. For which offense she may be indicted, and, if convicted, shall be sentenced to be placed in a certain engine of correction called the true bucket, castigatory, or cucking-stool, which, in the Saxon language, is said to signify the scolding-stool, though now it is frequently corrupted into ducking-stool, because the residue of the judgment is, that when she is so placed therein she shall be plunged in the water for her punishment."—*A Blackbird's Com.*, 168. This is still the common law in Pennsylvania.

now I koom home to find Katrina haf no more regardt as pefore dot I shouldt pe der master off dees house. Und ven Katrina she see dot I schdop und not finish vat I vas pegin to say, she gif me yusht such vickedt look mit her eye as she didt vonsht pefore we vas marriedt, und I dtell her she vas not keep koompany mit dot "shpalpeen" (as der Irish vouldt off saidt), Yawcob Bredt ein. So she yusht put her headt to von side, und her eyes dance vickedt vonsht again, und den she yusht put her hands on her sidtes und laft und laft, und den she say:

"Do, Gottlieb. It vould meppe gif you more as ten days next time, vich you couldt spendt in quiet metida-hun und schmoke your bipe all der vile dot I shblidt der kindtlin. Und den I makes der preakfast vile you take leetle more nap," she saidt, und den she yusht laft und laft more as effer.

I vas deesgusht!—more deesgusht as in my life pefore, und I turndt und walk outt, und der first von I meet vas d t Schmidt, und I say:

"Schmidt, vat for you pe such ein false freindt und tell me off I haf dtrouble vit mein vife der laws in dees country, off der Shtate off Pennsylvany, vould gif me great prifilege und condrtrol her, py shtlick her in dose vatter? Hey? Dot law is not dthru. Dot law is false."

Schmidt vas look like he vouldt purst mit laf, but I vas madt; und ven he see I look pooty redt in der face, he turn his headt und cough und cough till he vas redt in der faces, too. Ven he shdtop, he say:

"Gottlieb, you haf not long enough peen in dees country off der Shtatte of Pennsylvany yet vonsht soomtimes to learn der condeeshun py vitch dot law is reguladte. You shouldt off fildt koomblaindt und haf Katrina before der Grandt Chury und get der order py der Courdt to shidick her in det parrel of vatter. Off your koomblaindt vas not blain, so you proof for der order, you pay der cosht alreaty."

Ven he saidt dot vordts, he git oudt his handkercheefs und pudt it to his faces und cough harder as effer, und as he walk off I see his whole pack shake py dot cough, und I say to mineself:

"Dot is pooty hardt. I vouldt pe sorry off mine friendt Schmidt got der consumptshun," I saidt.

Vell, den I dinks to mineself, dose vas a greadt law! Off der law vas made for der man, to uphold his dignitee mitdt his vamilee, vy shouldt dot Grandt Chury pe consuldt 'boutt it? Hey? How ish dot? Ven I dinks for leetle vile I vas more deesgusht as effer, und I say it vas no better country as der Faterlandt. Vat is der use off der law off you not eet py dose law? Vere vas dot free sheech? Off you use free sheech you got ten days.

Und from dot time to dees I haf more dtroubles as effer in my life, for I vind der Unitedt Shtades haf many laws vitch reedts nice in der books, but vitch you not eet. Meppe I dtells you vonsht again soomtimes 'boutt some of dose laws vat makes mooch dtroubles for me in more vays as I couldn't dtell you. Meppy I vill. Off I do, you vill sorry feel for

GOTTLIEB HANSMEYER.

Housekeepers' Department.

ECONOMY IN COOKING.

I HAVE been wanting to say a word or two to the woman PIPESEY told of, who was going to board the "double-track boys," but I have waited so long the track will be laid before my hints reach her. Perhaps they may help some other woman who has a large number of hungry mouths to fill three times a day.

In the first place, get an account-book and use it. You are taking boarders, presumably, to "do good and make money," especially the latter; therefore your expenditures must be enough less than your receipts to allow you a fair compensation for your time and trouble. And just here I want to ask Pipesey, in a whisper, if she was not suggesting too generous a diet for four dollars and ten cents a week? Prices may be lower in Ohio than in New York, but here (Westchester County), with ham and chickens eighteen and twenty cents a pound, and eggs twenty-five cents a dozen in summer, one could not afford them very often at the price mentioned for board.

The meat bill will be the largest item on the account-book—and here use judgment and brains, both in buying and cooking. Sirloin roasts and porterhouse steaks must be only occasional luxuries when they cost twenty-two cents a pound. If you don't know about beef, ask your butcher for a pot roast. He will give you a choice of several

pieces that will not cost over fourteen cents a pound. The flank roast from a heavy steer is nice and furnishes plenty of fat. Roll it up, skewer it well, or tie it with twine; use a round-bottomed pot and put water enough in it to cover the meat. When the water boils put in your meat and boil till done. The rule is twenty minutes to the pound, but the state of the fire, age of the beef, and so on, will make some difference. Don't put in the seasoning till the meat is nearly done. A large piece requires more time, in proportion, for the salt to strike in than a small one. If the water boils out and the meat is not tender, add more; if the meat is done before the water is gone, take up the meat, pour off the water, return the meat to the pot, and brown it nicely. Use the water poured off for gravy. You can sometimes buy the leg after the round steak has been cut off. It is a good roast, but requires a little more cooking than the flank. It should be so tender the bones fall out, or the sinews will not be done.

"Gather up the fragments" must be your motto. Save all bones of beef, veal, lamb, mutton, and fowl. Stand a porcelain-lined kettle on the back of the stove, fill it with cold water, and put in the bones, bits of meat, and gristle—rejecting fat. The kettle may stand from one day to the next without hurting the broth, if there is plenty of water in it. It should stand till the bones are clean and the meat white and tasteless. Then strain the

broth through a sieve and you have stock for soups or gravies.

When the nice slices have been cut from your roast, pick the meat from the bones and chop it. It is then ready for use in a dozen different ways. Warm it in a frying-pan with a little gravy and send to the table, either with or without toast under it. If you haven't gravy or stock, melt beef drippings in a little water, and use that. Mix chopped potatoes with the meat, moisten, shape into a loaf on a pie dish, and stand in the oven till heated through and browned; add beaten eggs and flour; make into balls and fry. Or make the balls with mashed potatoes, like fish-balls. Make patties, tiny meat-pies. Put the meat in omelet in the proportion of a tablespoonful of meat to an egg, seasoning with sage.

For meat-pies, omit the chopping. Cut the meat in mouthfuls; add potatoes to your liking; line a deep dish with pie-crust, put in your meat, potatoes, and gravy enough to nearly fill the dish, cover and bake—not forgetting the hole in the upper crust. Thyme, summer savory, or parsley may be used to taste. I like a little of all three used together.

I have been talking about beef alone. Mutton can be used in all these ways. Pork is not good in soups or hashes, though a little does not hurt meat-pie. Bits of ham and pork can be used in omelets. When you have cut all the slices you can from a ham-bone, boil it, changing the water when half done, adding a little vinegar to the last water. When done, pull off the skin; let it stand till cold. Cut off the meat and chop it. Make a batter of two eggs to a pint of milk; add a cup of the chopped ham; not quite a pint of flour. Fry in a pan in hot fat. I call that dish ham cakes. Battered pork is another change. Cut slices of fat, salt pork, either raw or cooked; dip in a thin batter and fry. The secret of success with this dish is in cutting the pork. The slices should be no thicker than the blade of your butcher-knife, and as much thinner as you can cut them.

A leg of veal is a good piece to buy. Make a stew of it, adding potatoes, and crust or dumplings made of prepared flour—like biscuit, if you choose. I prefer simply to wet the flour with water, stirring well till it is stiff as can be easily stirred. Drop from a spoon into the boiling stew, cover, and cook twenty minutes. It will be light as a feather every time; at least mine is.

Here half the trackmen would be Irish Romanists, who would eat no meat Fridays. Fish and eggs must take its place. Scrambled codfish needs only to be eaten to be praised. Pick the fish into bits; soak overnight if for breakfast. Pour off the water when you want to use it. If not fresh enough, put in a frying-pan, cover with cold water, and let it boil up. Drain off the water and add a bit of butter and eggs at the rate of two to a cupful of fish. Keep stirring till the egg has put a yellow film over each bit of fish. Turn on a hot plate and serve hot. Lukewarm fish is an abomination. Did you ever eat mackerel cooked in milk? Freshen the mackerel by soaking as usual; put in a dripping-pan, cover with milk, and set in the oven. When the fish is done, the milk should be dried out or absorbed: A good dish for supper on a cold night.

If you want to hear, I'll tell you about desserts and cake some other time.

LENA LESLIE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(To "C. C.")—Glad you enjoyed the visit. The Graham gems were made with one egg, one pint of sweet milk, a pinch of salt, thickened with flour till the consistency of cake batter, and baked in gem pans which were hot and greased with butter and waiting, with a quick fire that would begin to bake immediately. Served hot.

The pudding is of our own invention. We made a soft biscuit dough, wet up with sweet milk and a lump of butter, out of prepared flour. Roll to half an inch in thickness and scatter over it raisins, currants, or any kind of fruit or berries; roll up compactly and steam one hour. Cut across in slices and serve with pudding-sauce.

We "prepare" flour by the quantity and keep it ready for immediate use by sifting one package Horsford's baking-powder into twenty-five pounds of flour. This saves a great deal of time, and time to the busy housewife is worth more than money.

The pudding-sauce we make out of butter, sugar, lemon-juice, corn-starch, and boiling water. Nearly every cook has her own way of making sauce for puddings.

(To "ELLEN.")—Oxalic acid will remove iron rust from the white skirt. It never fails.

PIPSEY.

Will some of the members of the "Home" please give a recipe for cocoanut filling for cake, made from prepared cocoanut? Also a recipe for chocolate filling and some good housekeeper's method of making pastry for tarts?—M. L. N.

VARIOUS RECIPES.

OYSTER OMELET.—Chop very fine eighteen or twenty large oysters; beat six eggs separately very light; add together the whites and yolks and beat again; mix in a little cold milk a teaspoonful of corn-starch and stir it in the eggs; add the chopped oyster, pepper and salt to your taste, and butter the size of a large nutmeg melted and stirred in; melt in a frying-pan a piece of butter the size of a walnut; when boiling hot, pour in the omelet, brown slowly, fold over, and serve on a hot dish.

BAKED EGGS.—Melt in a small pan or tin pie-dish a piece of butter the size of a walnut; open six eggs without breaking them and pour them gently on the butter; season with pepper and salt and bake in a hot oven until the whites are firm and set; put a few little pieces of butter on top of the eggs before putting them in the oven.

POTATO PIE.—Peel and slice the potatoes very thin; butter a deep pie-dish; put a layer of potatoes in the bottom, scatter over a very little chopped onion (one onion is enough for a pound of potatoes), season with pepper and salt and a little chopped parsley and a few slices of hard-boiled egg; then another layer of potatoes, onion, parsley, egg, and pepper and salt—until the dish is full; cut two ounces of fresh butter into little pieces and lay on top, pour over a little water, cover with a good crust, and bake slowly an hour and a half.

Art at Home.

DECORATION is not necessarily expensive—that is, pretty decoration; attractive small things that go to make a home what it should be. We can fix up the walls and find means of draping the mantel, or putting hangings at the doors, or inventing little corners where an unexpected trifle will just fit and be found to be just the thing that is wanted to make that particular place look inviting.

Even such a plebeian material as brown paper has been found to develop attractive features when placed upon the walls, while a china-matting dado, separated from it by a narrow strip of walnut or ebonized wood, has been used upon frequent occasions. Cretonne is an old substitute for tapestry, and stained-glass windows are not always stained glass. So we believe it becomes necessary only to suggest the idea of a new material, or rather of the adaptation of an old material to a new use, in order that our readers may find an economical means of beautifying their apartments.

A few years ago the prevailing notion was that decoration was possible only to those in possession of the proverbial million, and people in city and country were content to let their rooms go unadorned.

Speak as enthusiastically as we can about the "good old days," "the Colonial days," and the "ante-Revolutionary times," we must concede the comparative barrenness of taste and the unsatisfactory condition of the esthetic world at those periods. Glance now from the very ordinary room, with its cold, bare mantel and its stiff, uninviting chairs—every one of our readers can recall just such a place, that was the terror of their youth, hardly fit for a refuge from the elements, and yet kept sacred from the invasion of children and art; glance from this remembrance of olden times, we say, to the same room as it appears to-day after being turned over to the progressive young lady of the family, who has acquired a few of the many ideas easy of application and inexpensive as well.

At a nominal cost a carpenter could be persuaded to make an over-mantel, and that is really the only technical part of the work. The decoration in this particular case has taken the shape of fans, which, arranged across each other about the ceiling-line, make a very effective frieze. A panel is formed of four ordinary Japanese fans having the wires cut that hold the sticks together at the handle and this end of the sticks flared open, which naturally brings the other end, or that bearing the paper, more together. The fans chosen should be of different and harmonizing colors, and when joined together the head of the paper portion of each fan brought to the general centre, the joining concealed by a bow of colored ribbon, while the sticks from the outer border and pretty ribbons run through where the wire had been—the effect is quite satisfactory. Three fans might, of course, be used in the same way: that number would complete the circle, though naturally a little smaller.

A hanging bag is also made of fans. The end fan must be shaped cornucopia-like, which can very readily be done if the wire, as before, is replaced by a ribbon and held in that position by having the sides stitched. Above this there must be a foundation of plush, or some lighter material, perhaps, upon which are to be placed four or more or less fans, as the circumference may require.

A pleasant conceit in crockery is of plates that have served their time and been relegated to the rear of the top shelf of the dresser, too yellow and dingy to be of use. Such "rubbish" as that may be painted over with the gold paint that may be had anywhere for a quarter, or, if preferred, some color that will serve as a good background, and upon it placed anything the

fancy may determine. Or if the young lady has not sufficiently advanced to be sure of her ability to sketch the pattern chosen, she may find what would be equally pretty among the great variety of decalcomanies offered at such very reasonable prices.

Brackets are appropriate wherever they seem to fit and the pictures are suspended by double cords. It gives a much better general appearance to a room thus to make the lines leading from the pictures to the ceiling uniform in direction than to show the terrible assortment of angles, impossible to avoid where the cords from all-sized frames are brought to one point near the ceiling.—*Decorator and Furnisher.*

NOVELTIES IN HOME DECORATION.

An ivy screen is a novelty, and a very pretty one, too. Take a closely built and narrow box (the length of the screen desired), and fill it with sand, mixed, if possible, with barnyard soil; be sure to place in the bottom of the box, at the depth of two or three inches, pieces of bricks, and a few small stones such as are used in paving streets. This rocky layer produces, or rather retains, the necessary moisture that ivy so constantly requires to give it health and growth. Trail the ivy for the screen over net wire, painted dark green; as the plant grows the small shoots should be trained to run in and out of the wire meshes. This interlacing will give to both sides a charming effect, producing a sort of living screen, always freshly beautiful and exceedingly useful.

An easel frame made of ordinary white wood may be covered with velvet, plush, or satin, and make a very pretty rest for good-sized pictures.

A little boudoir, or, more properly, a family sitting-room, lately seen in a country house, was furnished so artistically that we cannot refrain from describing it. In the first place, it was on the second floor of a broad, two-storied house, and was in one corner. It faced south, and had five windows on three sides and two sides without any windows, therefore there were five corners. The walls were papered in a silver-gray paper, covered with a slender tracery of pink moss-buds. A few fine etchings in narrow oak frames hung on the walls, and in every corner was placed a bracket, on which stood a vase of growing vines or a small statuette. The carpet in the room was a Brussels, the colors being pink roses on a gray ground to correspond with the paper. The five windows had shades of dark gray and curtains of white dotted Swiss trimmed with lace and looped back with broad bands of rose-pink satin ribbon. The furniture of the room was nondescript. There was a Turkish lounge, a *tete-a-tete*, three arm-chairs, two rockers, and several footstools. They were all covered with chintz, of a pearl gray, with pink and pale-green edgings, and the sub-base the same. The room, in its cool, quiet tints, was very restful to the eyes. There was not an uncomfortable chair in it or a startling picture. Everything breathed rest and beauty.

Palm-leaf fans may be made very pretty by painting them, for which the following directions will be found valuable: Mix some ultra-marine or Prussian-blue with a little silver-white paint, and make it quite thin with boiled linseed oil. Paint the fan on both sides, handle and all, with it. If you choose to decorate it, paint a poppy or some buds and stems on it; tie a blue ribbon around the handle and hang it in a convenient place. If you prefer to make it pink, use crimson or madder lake and white in the same way.

Pretty banners for the wall, or small screens, are made by taking a strip of silk or satin and applying the handsome woven rosebuds or pansies which can be purchased on cards at stores where fancy goods are kept. Tasteful fringe can be made by raveling out the ends of the silk and tying it in knots.

Sewing-machine Cover.—This cover is ornamental, as well as useful, for protecting the machine from dust. Measure the length of your machine-table and cut your cloth or crash so it can hang over front and back. Line it or not, but it is preferable lined with baize, such as is used for the tops of desks and tables. Cut the two ends in deep vandykes, bind with braid, which cover with a heavy cord, and finish each point and between each point with a tassel. Appliquéd work on the cover is a great addition and is very easily done.

Paper-rack.—Take an ordinary hanging rack, plain in front; make a lambrequin for it in colors corresponding with your room; underneath the top-centre plaited-piece make a pin-cushion, strap for scissors, spool cotton, thimble, etc., making a convenient hiding-place for articles that are needed in almost every room.

Pocket-case, with the Materials for Mending Gloves.—Cut a piece of leather and silk the shape of pattern; lay them together and bind the edge all round. Double the case in quarter, then cut for the needle-book inside, the size of the two middle quarters. On one quarter place a card of tiny buttons and on two others make sections for bobbins of silk and court-plaster. On the outside of the case make a shield for holding scissors. To fasten the case together, sew on a button and make a buttonhole.

Nancy Needlework.

SILK PATCHWORK.

THIS pretty, old-fashioned art, as many of our readers know, has recently grown into new favor. It does not, however, always take the form of quilts, but often figures as decoration, in the shape of covers for sofa-cushions or lambrequins for mantels and brackets. Silk-quilts, nevertheless, are still considered elegant and useful.

A beautiful quilt, lately seen, was made up in the tea-box pattern, with a large square of white satin in the centre and four triangular corner-pieces. Upon these latter were embroidered, in colored floss, sprays of poppies, while in the centre was a circular wreath of poppies, inclosing the word, "Sleep." Poppies, be it remembered, are the emblems of sleep, as roses are of silence. Other words, as "Rest," "Peace," "Good-night," or something equally suggestive, might be substituted; and, of course, other flowers for the poppies. The centre and corner-pieces, instead of being embroidered, might be daintily painted.

Cushions or lambrequins, similarly, have centre-pieces decorated with hand-painting or embroidery, displaying flowers, mottoes, initials, or conventional designs. Silk patchwork, combined with painting or needlework, might also do duty as lounge covers, borderings for table-cloths or window-curtains, or in many ways suggested by fancy.

The prettiest of the old-fashioned patterns is that known as the **tea-box pattern**. Every "tea-box" is formed of three diamonds, two representing the sides and one the top. This latter is joined to the two former horizontally, while these are fastened together perpendicularly by their edges. Three seams in all are required to unite the three diamonds, which then represent one cube.

The diamonds should first be cut out of stiff, brown paper and measure two and one-half inches in length and one and one-half in width, or nearly so. All must be cut exactly alike or the seams will not be even. Next, cut the silk the proper size and shape, allowing enough material to turn under, and baste each piece separately over a paper diamond. Join the diamonds on the wrong side by over-sewing with fine sewing-silk. Make a sufficient number of cubes, then join the cubes in the same manner as the separate diamonds. Do not remove the paper from the back of the work until you are ready to make up the quilt or

other article desired—in fact, many needlewomen never remove it, as it keeps the cubes in shape.

Another pretty pattern prized years ago was the **log-cabin**. Cut a small square, of one or two inches, for the beginning. Next, cut two long strips and two short strips about half the width of the square, the short ones being, in length, its exact width, and the long ones its width plus the width of the short strips, or literally twice its width. Join the short strips to the square upon opposite sides, then the long strips to the two other sides, so that their ends will pass by the ends of the short strips. When this is completed it will be seen that the work is still a square. So continue, working with two long and two short strips, until the square has grown to the size desired. Its whole effect is that of four flights of steps, leading in opposite directions and all starting from the small square in the centre.

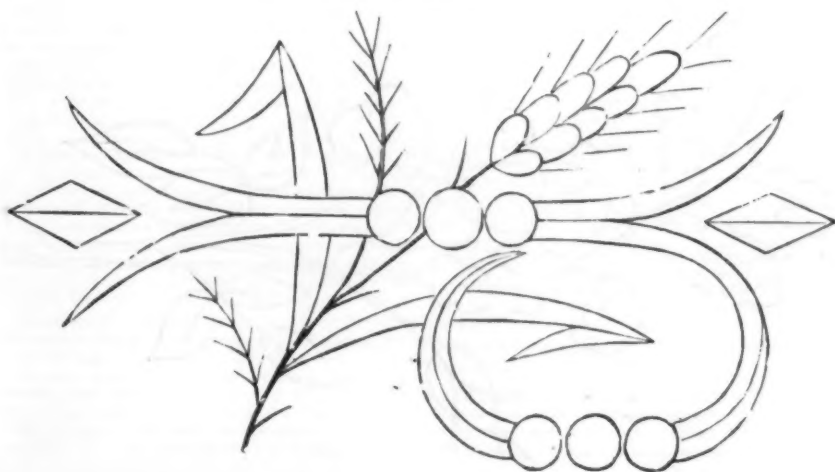
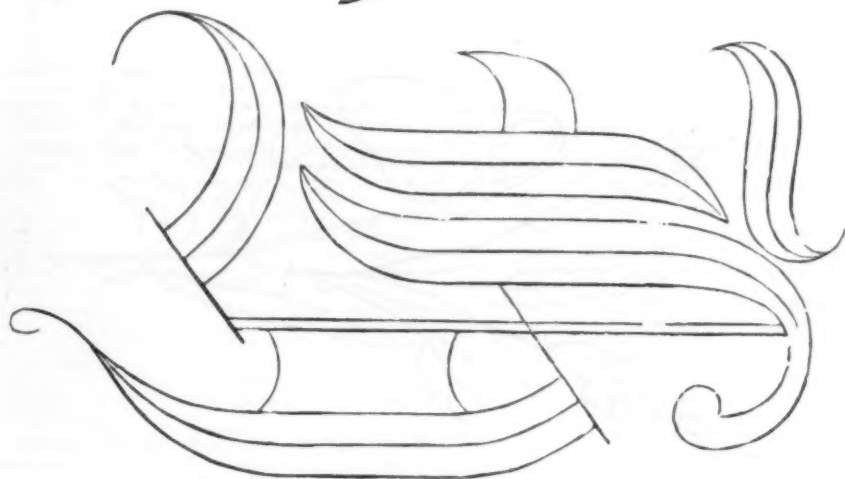
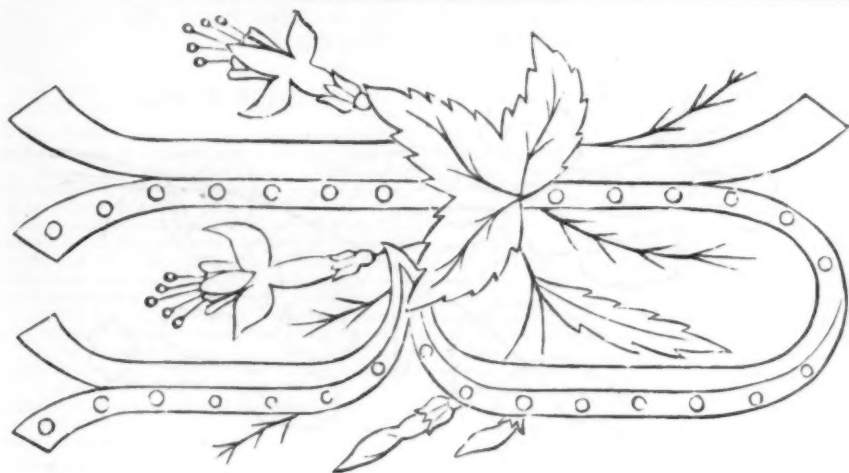
Either of these patterns may be rendered very brilliant by a liberal use of bright color. The former is desirable when the silk is in very small pieces, the latter when there is much ribbon to be used. Other antique patterns might be mentioned, but these seem among the most artistic.

It is now quite "the thing" to ask your friends to save up their silk scraps for you. Leading stores now sell small pieces of silk, velvet, satin, ribbon, etc., by the pound or bunch, for patchwork, at reasonable prices—cheaper, in the aggregate, than if you bought the materials by measurement.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Initials.—In reply to a number of requests for "initials," we give specimen letters from three different alphabets, to be used for pillow-shams, skate or other bags, chair-backs, towels, napkins, etc. These may be embroidered with indelible cotton, washing-silk, or crewels, in satin or outline stitch. The price for stamping, or for stamping-patterns, is ten cents a letter.

Sprays.—The three "sprays" shown in this number can be made useful in countless ways that will at once suggest themselves to the worker. Crewels or silk may be employed in embroidering them, and they are to be worked in Kensington or outline stitch. The price for stamping, or for stamping patterns, is fifteen cents a spray.





SPRAYS.



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Fashion Department.

FASHION NOTES.

Fur Trimmings.—The fancy for fur trimmings this winter has developed into a perfect craze. Everything is bordered with fur—coats, cloaks, walking-dresses, house-dresses, opera-costumes, hats, caps, turbans, and even the tops of boots. A novelty is a muff, with attached pocket-book, covered with fur, even to the handle. The furs generally used are seal, sable, black, white, and silver fox, mink, musk, martin, squirrel, Astrachan, marmot, Siberian, chinchilla, grebe, racoon, beaver, and African monkey. Never before was there such a variety to choose from. Any lady now may renovate a cloth or woolen dress simply by making it up plainly, trimming it with bands of fur nearly matching it in color, and making a turban and muff of the scraps of material, bordered with the fur. A jacket matching a suit may be rendered warm enough by wearing under it a chamois vest, so that no outside wrap is needed over the jacket.

Chamois Vests.—These, when made by tailors, are very expensive. But it is now possible to buy large chamois-skins at leading stores, so that ladies may make them for themselves. Cut a pattern from a closely fitting basque, stitch the seams tightly, and bind the edges with narrow ribbon. Sleeves may be added or not, as desired. Such vests are generally worn under cloth costumes or riding-habits.

Outside Wraps.—Winter wraps this season are generally long and ample—of the wide-sleeved dolman style. The one fashionable dolman is of sealskin, bordered or not with lynx or beaver. Next to this cloak in favor and elegance is a large dolman of cloth trimmed with fur. Fur-lined circulars are still worn, but many ladies object to wearing them over handsome dresses, as the fur surface is hard on elegant materials. Wraps for the opera are of white satin or gros-grain, lined with white fur; and white fur cloaks are lined with white, quilted satin. A handsome wrap recently made for Madame Gerster was of strawberry-red velvet, having embossed upon it roses, ferns, and palm-leaves. The garment was lined with white Chinese goatskin, with goatskin collar on the outside and white satin ribbons to tie.

Evening Toilettes.—Some new evening dresses have satin fronts, literally weighted down with fringes, beads, and appliqué figures. Roman pearls are largely used for the beadings. A favorite material is silk tulle, which has taken on a new lease of life. An old trimming again fashionable is a ruching of silk pinked out on the edges. Soft cashmeres and other light woollen fabrics, in delicate shades of ciel-blue, shell-pink, Nile-green, and the like, are still as much in style as costlier materials. Short skirts are still generally worn, except upon very ceremonious occasions, and generally by elderly ladies. Evening dresses for young ladies are now usually made with high neck and elbow sleeves. Sometimes the neck is open at the throat and filled in with lace, or sometimes the neck is cut Pompadour and worn with a fancy guimpe. The flowers most in vogue are roses—Jacqueminot or Marshal Neil. Next to the always fashionable point and other costly, real laces, comes Spanish and its near relative, Ecurial.

Masquerade Costumes.—As fancy dress parties this winter are in favor among old and young, character costumes are desired. No special rule can be given for these—princes and peasants, saints and witches, jostle each other in the most democratic manner. But it may be remarked that a leading fashion authority says, that it is of no use to have expensive materials for such costumes. Velveteens, of every

color, have all the effect of rich velvet; and there are numberless cotton fabrics which imitate, in coloring and surface, the costliest satins and broades.

Skating Costumes.—These are of soft, bright cloth or cashmere, in the new, reddish, garnet, and wine shades; or, they are of gay plush or velveteen, seal-brown, gold, or olive. The trimming is always bands of fur.

Velvets and Velveteens.—The popularity of velvets and velveteens, so marked during the last two seasons, has by no means diminished, but will probably continue for one or two years longer. Foreign fashion journals state that only recently has the demand for these rich and handsome materials reached its height in Europe, and at no time has the market been so well supplied with fabrics of this order; so that almost every woman can now realize her ambition to possess an elegant and stylish costume. Another season, at least, of velvet and velveteen, seems, therefore, an assured fact.

Millinery.—There seems to be three new shapes of hats, notwithstanding the fact that we everywhere see the familiar big poke and little turban. These are the Highgate, an exaggerated English walking-hat; the Frondeur, and Henri II. We have had flowers in winter hats; we have had ostrich tips; we have had silk-pompons, owl's heads, tiger claws, and the like, and at present we are having whole birds, or their wings and breasts. But now they tell us that we have exhausted everything else and must soon take refuge in small animals, such as stuffed mice, kittens, and puppies for bonnet-ornamentation. Children and young ladies still wear polo caps, knitted or of cloth; the favorite color is still red. The Langtry cap is of woollen braid, sewn like straw; it is perfectly plain in the back, and the trimming, consisting of bows or birds, is massed in front.

Gloves.—For evening wear, these are of cream, undressed kid. For street wear, the long-popular tan-color is giving way to gray tints. A tendency to reduce the length of gloves is now observable.

Neckties, to be worn generally in the street outside the collar of the jacket, are of woven silk, hemmed, strongly, resembling the old-fashioned Windsor ties. But they are never all of one color—they are striped or plaid, combining the darkest shades of red, yellow, blue, and green. They are not beautiful, they are precisely what, a few years ago, would have been called "nigger taste." But, then, they are the fashion.

Knitted Leggings and Mittens.—The former are now almost invariably worn by ladies and children. The latter are seen, on cold days, even with the handsomest costumes, generally being slipped on or off over the glove as occasion requires.

New Colors.—The latest are flowering-almond pink and oat-straw yellow. These are among the favorite tints for evening dresses.

Hand-painted ribbon is used for loops and bows on ball-costumes. Hand-painted satin suspenders are among the latest affectations for gentlemen. Some gentlemen, also, wear gay-flowered satin neckties.

White-velvet daisies, with pearl or silver centres, are used for opera-bonnets or the corsage of evening dresses.

New hair-ornaments are silver swords with crystal hilts and silver tennis-rackets.

Bracelets are light and slender, sometimes a mere chain, with jewel pendants. When two bracelets are worn they are not alike. "Pairs of bracelets" are out of date.

Notes and Comments.

The Church and Temperance.

THE attitude of the Established Church in England has not, heretofore, been unfriendly to the liquor traffic, but rather one of encouragement. In fact, it derives a considerable income from the rental of public houses, of which, taking the country through, it is said to be the largest owner.

If Canon Wilberforce, a distinguished minister of this Church, may be believed, the Bishop of London, when he leaves his house in St. James' Square and rides to his palace at Fulham, passes on his way more than one hundred bar-rooms built on land belonging to the Church. The Canon has also charged that the "Royal Oak," at Notting Hill, is on the land of the Bishop of London, and the "Hero of Waterloo," in another part of the city, on that of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the returns of the former being not less than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, or more than the maintenance of all the places of worship, all the schools, and the police force of the district within the diameter of a mile, while the last-named pays a rental quite as large.

This seems incredible. A London correspondent of one of our daily papers, in remarking on this statement, says: "An investigation of these charges has proven them to be slightly overdrawn, but the fact is not denied that there are a large number of these places on Church property and that the Church derives a considerable income from them. For the future, however, a policy of retrenchment is to be pursued. The 'publics' within the control of the Establishments are to be weeded out, those only being continued which are either absolutely needed for the accommodation of the surrounding neighborhood or are held under conditions that cannot legally be broken. Such a course will do something to redeem this great Church and the religion it represents from a stigma that has hitherto sadly marred its reputation, and, taken in connection with the fact that in its ministry there are now upward of three thousand abstainers, including not a few bishops, the new departure is certainly one of the most hopeful signs of the times. The other religious bodies in this country are taking a position on the temperance question that will soon entitle them to rank with the most advanced of their brethren in America. The Wesleyan Methodists have about nine hundred abstaining clergymen, the Congregationalists eight hundred, the Baptists six hundred, and the remainder, I am assured, in about equal proportion, with teetotal sentiments still extending and new recruits coming in every day."

Flower-Seeds.

Every house, however large and elegant, however small and plain, ought to have its flower-garden. This flower-garden may cover several acres or it may be only a box in the window; but it should exist in some form. Nothing adds more to the outside appearance of a residence than tastefully kept grounds; nothing adds more to the attractiveness of a home's interior decoration than at least a few living, blooming plants. We do not expect any of our readers seriously to doubt any of the foregoing propositions; but we know that some, by their actions at least, seem to do so. They have no gardens, large or small, because they dread the trouble and expense. But a little earnest effort, and then a little experience, will soon teach them that the trouble and expense are less than they fear, while the recompense is far greater than they thought.

One cause of failure not often quoted is that amateur gardeners do not supply themselves with good plants or seeds. We are happy to be able to point to our advertising columns, to the names of reliable firms, with whom our readers may safely deal.

Publishers' Department.

THE HOME MAGAZINE.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION FOR 1884.

1 Copy, one year,	\$2.00
2 Copies, "	3.50
3 " "	5.00
4 " "	6.00
8 " "	12.00
15 " "	20.00

New subscribers for 1884 will receive, free, the November and December numbers of 1883. Specimen numbers, 10 cents.

From four to eight pages of Butterick's fashion illustrations, with prices of patterns, are given in every number.

Additions to clubs can always be made at the club-rate.

It is not required that all the members of a club be at the same post-office.

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Subscribers who wish a change of address must give notice as early as practicable after receipt of a number, and in all cases before the tenth of the succeeding month, as no change of address can be made between the tenth and twentieth of any month.

FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS.

Is there anything in any of the numerous advertisements of the Royal Baking Powder to show that the Royal does not use Ammonia and Tartaric Acid as cheap substitutes for Cream of Tartar? Or is there any charge or the slightest insinuation in those advertisements that Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder contains anything but the purest Grape Cream of Tartar and Bicarbonate of Soda, with a small portion of flour as a preservative?

Ammonia and Tartaric Acid produce a cheap leavening gas, which is not to be compared, in the practical test of baking, with the more desirable Carbonic Acid gas generated by the exclusive use of the expensive Cream of Tartar.

Use Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder and judge for yourself of its superiority.

ABLE TO PREACH FOR THE FIRST TIME IN FOUR YEARS.

Rev. R. Bird, Wentworth, N. S., writes to Drs. Starkey & Palen, September 11th, 1883:

"I am pleased to inform you that I was able to preach last Sabbath for the first time in four years, and without any unpleasant results.

"This, I think, speaks a good deal for Compound Oxygen. And, under Providence, I intend reporting my case in some of the leading papers in the Provinces, believing it to be my duty to you as well as to those who may be afflicted in a similar way, and who would be likely to give such a remedy a fair trial."

SAM
Circul

Worth Thinking Of.

What Ayer's Cherry Pectoral does:—

It prevents the growth, to serious illness, of a dangerous class of diseases that begin as mere trivial ailments, and are too apt to be neglected as such.

It alleviates even the most desperate cases of pulmonary diseases, and affords to the patient a last and the only chance for restoration to health.

It breaks up a cold, and stops a cough more speedily, certainly, and thoroughly than any other medicine.

It spares mothers much painful anxiety about their children, and saves the little ones' lives.

It cures all lung and throat diseases that can be reached by human aid.

How Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Does Such Good.

It expels the mucus from the throat and the air passages of the head, and cleanses the mucous membrane.

It allays inflammation, puts a stop to tickling in the throat and coughing, and enables the patient to rest.

It heals sore throat, reduces the swollen tonsils, and restores natural tone to the affected vocal cords.

It soothes to natural and refreshing slumber, during which Nature regains strength to combat disease.

It clears out and heals diseased air cells in the lungs, and helps Nature to repair the waste made by the corrosion of pulmonary disease.

It puts a stop to the cankerous decay of Catarrh.

Why Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is so Perfect a Medicine.

Because it is a scientifically ordered compound, of great potency, the product of years of study, observation, and experience in the treatment of throat and lung diseases.

Because it is prepared from the purest forms of the drugs employed in it, chemically combined by a process of such perfection and accuracy as would be unattainable, even by the most skillful pharmacist, dealing with small quantities.

Because it is not only the most effective medicine for the uses to which it is designed, but, owing to the enormous quantities in which it is made, is sold at so low a price that it is placed within the reach of every household.

Because it is an active curative agent, that must be taken by drops, as prescribed in the directions accompanying each bottle, and not a mere palliative syrup that may be swallowed by mouthfuls.

Where Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Stands Before the World.

It is popularly known to be a medicine that has cured laryngeal, bronchial, and pulmonary affections where all others had failed.

It is a favorite household remedy to-day with people whose lives were saved by it, when they were young, a generation ago.

It has held the first-place in popular estimation for nearly half a century in this country, and is more and more highly appreciated, year after year, both at home and abroad.

It evokes daily, from all over the world, expressions of gratitude for lives saved by its use.

It is everywhere recommended by reputable druggists, who know, from conversations with their patrons, and from their own experience, how almost magical are its effects for good.

It is regularly prescribed by many physicians of the best standing, and is recommended by Professors of Medical Colleges, to their students, as invaluable for all diseases of the throat and lungs.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., [Analytical Chemists] Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists: Price \$1, six bottles for \$5.

40 OLD VIOLINS.

Best collection of genuine old violins ever offered in this country; Amati, Stradivari, Maggini, Guarneri, &c., 100 to 250 years old; prices, from \$25 to \$300 each; also, violins made from very old wood, having all the peculiar qualities of genuine old violins, prices, \$30, \$35, \$40 each; 500 varieties of new violins; prices, \$1 to \$125 each; fine new violins, strong, powerful tones, for \$5, \$10, \$15, \$20, \$25 each, every one warranted; over 1000 in tune to test and compare. Bows and Cases, 75c to \$5 each. Send for catalogue. ELIAS HOWE, 58 Court st., Boston.

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And Illustrated Hand Book, only one dollar a year. The cheapest and best paper in the country. Send for specimen copy.

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THE BEST



WASHER

We will guarantee the "LOVELL" WASHER to do better work and do it easier and in less time than any other machine in the world. Warranted five years, and if it don't wash the clothes clean without rubbing, we will refund the money.

AGENTS WANTED in every county. We CAN SHOW PROOF that Agents are making from \$75 to \$150 per month. Farmers make \$200 to \$500 during the winter. Ladies have great success selling this Washer. Retail price only \$5. Sample to those desiring an agency \$2. Also the Celebrated **KEYSTONE WEIGERS** at manufacturers' lowest price. We invite the strictest investigation. Send your address on a postal card for further particulars.

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FOR 2 CENTS

OWEN HUNTER,
Lithographer,

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Will send **SAMPLE PICTURES** of his work.

In writing, mention where you saw this.

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"Anakesis" gives instant relief, and is an infallible cure for Piles. Price \$1, at druggists, or sent prepaid by mail sample free. Ad. "ANAKESIS" Makers, Box 2410 New York.

BOOKS ON BUILDING Painting, Decorating, etc. For my eighty-eight page Illustrated Catalogue, address, inclosing three 2-cent stamps, **WM. T. COMSTOCK, 6 Astor Place, N. Y.**

WORK AT HOME. Men, Women, Boys, and Girls make 10c. to \$2 an hour. New business; never advertised; no peddling; no humbug. The Secret revealed, and 12 samples, worth \$5, to commence work on, free. Address, **H. G. FAY, Rutland, Vermont.**



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I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of **EPILEPSY** or **FALLING SICKNESS** a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address **Dr. H. G. ROOT, 128 Pearl St., New York.**

WILSONIA MAGNETIC INSOLES. PREVENT COLD FEET.

They Regulate the Circulation of the ENTIRE BODY.

Prevent Cold Feet and all troubles arising from imperfect circulation, cure **RHEUMATISM** of the feet and all kindred troubles, absolutely prevent **COUGHS AND COLDS**. Insoles for Ladies are very thin. Made to fit any shoe. Sold by Druggists and shoe dealers or sent by mail post-paid. Price 50 cts. per pair. **WILSONIA MAGNETIC APPLIANCE CO., 886 Broadway, New York, N. Y.**



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YOUR NAME on 40 of the newest, hand-drawn, best Chrome, Motte and Verve Cards now issued for 10 cents, 6 packs and this Ring for 50 cents. Agents' Book 20 cents. **FRANKLIN PRINTING CO., New Haven, Conn.**

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR. Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for a circular. Madame Wambold, 96 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send **TWO BOTTLES FREE**, together with a **VALUABLE TREATISE** on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.

DR. T. A. BLOOM, 121 Pearl St., New York.

A KEY THAT WILL WIND ANY WATCH AND NOT WEAR OUT. SOLD by Watchmakers. By Mail, 25 cts. Circulars FREE. **J. S. BIRCH & CO., 35 Dey St., N. Y.**

BILIOUSNESS, JAUNDICE AND LIVER COMPLAINT.

People get bilious, have headaches, bad taste in the mouth, disordered stomach and bowels because the Liver is torpid. **KIDNEY-WORT** will correct all this. It is "Always Reliable."

"I would not be without Kidney-Wort if it cost \$10.00 a box. It healed both my Liver and Kidneys after I had lost all hope."

Wm. H. Hodges,
Williamstown,
D. C.

A SURE AND SPEEDY CURE FOR KIDNEY DISEASES

of whatever kind or nature. **KIDNEY-WORT** quickly relieves the severe backache and all pains and disorders attendant upon Kidney affections.

"I suffered day and night with Kidney troubles and enlargement of the spleen and could get no relief from doctors. Kidney-Wort cured me. I am as well as ever in my life."

Frank Wilson,
Peabody,
Mass.

PILES! PILES!!

THIS most annoying and painful disease is brought on by weakness of the bowels and is aggravated by constipation. **KIDNEY-WORT** succeeds with the worst cases. If faithfully used it never fails to give prompt and thorough relief.

"After suffering for years with internal Piles and pains in my Kidneys, I tried Kidney-Wort and am perfectly cured."

James E. Meyer,
Myerstown,
Pa.

KIDNEY-WORT

PURELY VEGETABLE.

ALWAYS RELIABLE.

It acts at the same time on the STOMACH, LIVER and BOWELS stimulating them to healthy action and keeping them in perfect order.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1.00.

Should be kept. This letter can be sent by mail.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO.
HURLINGTON, VT.
U. S. A.

Are you Troubled with Habitual CONSTIPATION?

Be sensible and take **KIDNEY-WORT**. **KIDNEY-WORT** is nature's remedy, always reliable and heartily endorsed by physicians.

"I was a great sufferer from disordered Kidneys and was terribly constipated for years. I am now in my life and it is all due alone to Kidney-Wort."

J. D. Brown,
Westport,
N. Y.

A GREAT BLESSING To Ladies

Suffering from any of the numerous evils peculiar to their sex.
All Ladies in failing health should take **KIDNEY-WORT**. It is most certain for debility, impoverished blood, Dropsy, Lack of Appetite and Female Weakness.

"One package of Kidney-Wort has relieved me of all my troubles and weaknesses."

Mrs. P. Morse,
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IT IS POSSIBLE TO CURE Rheumatism.

This acute disease is expedited by a fast liver and sluggish bowels. An acid poison is formed in the blood which is the cause of all rheumatic pains. **Kidney-Wort** is always reliable and has cured THOUSANDS OF CASES.

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E. Mahomed,
Westport,
Mass.

Weak Men and Women Made Strong and Healthy.

The Tonic power of **KIDNEY-WORT** is unequalled. It works at the same time on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, purifying the blood, restoring normal and healthy action and bringing life and strength to the weary.

PROOF.

"The past year I have used Kidney-Wort more than ever, and with the best results. Take it all in all, it is the most successful remedy I ever used."

Phillip G. Ballou, M. D.,
Monkton, Vt.

For the Prevention and Cure of MALARIA

There is nothing like **KIDNEY-WORT**.

It keeps the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels in good working order, and enables them to throw off the poison. **KIDNEY-WORT** is the great blood cleanser corrects these evils and makes the sufferer strong and well.

KIDNEY-WORT originated in the practice of a celebrated physician of Vermont, and has been used by the profession in that and other States for years.

ALL THE LEADING DRUGGISTS SELL PEARS' SOAP

PEARS' SOAP

THE FAMOUS ENGLISH COMPLEXION SOAP.



IF Cleanliness is next to Godliness, Soap must be considered as a Means of Grace and a Clergyman who recommends moral things should be willing to recommend Soap. I am told that my commendation of Pears' Soap has opened for it a large sale in the United States. I am willing to stand by every word in favor of it that I ever uttered. A man must be fastidious indeed who is not satisfied with it.

Henry Ward Beecher

HIS OPINION OF PEARS' SOAP

GOOD COMPLEXION

ESTABLISHED IN LONDON 100 YEARS.

PEARS' SOAP
HAVE FOUND IT MATCHLESS FOR THE HANDS
COMPLEXION.
Adeline Pott

A SPECIALTY FOR THE SKIN & COMPLEXION,
As recommended by the greatest English authority on the Skin,

PROF. SIR ERASMUS WILSON, F. R. S.
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Nothing adds so much to personal appearance as a **Bright, Clear Complexion and a Soft Skin.** With these the plainest features become attractive. Without them the handsomest are but coldly impressive.

Many a complexion is marred by impure alkaline and Colored Toilet Soap.

PEARS' SOAP

Is specially prepared for the delicate skin of ladies and children and others sensitive to the weather, winter or summer. In England it is pre-eminently the complexion Soap, and is recommended by all the best authorities, as, on account of its emollient, non-irritant character, **Redness, Roughness and Chapping are prevented, and a clear and bright appearance and a soft, velvety condition imparted and maintained, and a good, healthful and attractive complexion ensured.**

Its agreeable and lasting perfume, beautiful appearance, and soothing properties commend it as the greatest luxury of the toilet. Its durability and consequent economy is remarkable.

15 INTERNATIONAL AWARDS.

ALL THE LEADING DRUGGISTS SELL PEARS' SOAP



MAKE A Handsome Dress

BY USING
THE PLAIN OR BROCHÉ

BAVENO VELVETEEN

THE PLAIN VELVETEEN IN ALL FASHIONABLE SHADES.

THE BROCHÉ IN ALL FASHIONABLE SHADES.

FOR LADIES' COSTUMES, MEN'S SMOKING JACKETS AND CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

For the protection of the consumer, we stamp every second yard.

Be sure and look on the back of goods, and see you find the trade mark.

From *Demorest's Magazine*, for October: "Velvet is in extraordinary demand this season, and to supply the wants of those who cannot afford silk velvet*** this year has been brought out a new make of Velveteen as a fine substitute for the famous Genoa Velvet, which it resembles in appearance, thickness of surface, closeness and depth of pile and purity of color. This new make of Velveteen is called the "Baveno," and we advise ladies who intend to purchase Velveteen suits, jackets or dresses to order the Baveno.

If it were not for the price, no one would suspect its not being made of silk.

TO BE HAD OF ALL FIRST CLASS RETAILERS.
The Trade Supplied by MILL & GIBB, New York.

THE ONLY

Velveteen

that after a

Year's Wear

Looks Fresh
and Nice.

ARCADIA

VELVETEEN.

ALL THE

MOST

BEAUTIFUL

SHADES OF

SPRING

COLORS.

PAGE'S VAPORIZER & CRESOLENE

Cures WHOOPING COUGH, Asthma, Colds, Coughs, Croup, Diphtheria and Scarlet Fever by Inhalation.



Size, 6 in. in height.

Patented Sept. 26, 1881.

The impregnated air destroys the contagion and prevents other persons taking the disease. CRESOLENE (C₁₂ H₁₀ O) is a liquid Coal Tar product far more powerful than Carbolic Acid in destroying germs.

THE ENTIRE ATMOSPHERE PERMEATED.

It is harmless and not unpleasant when inhaled by infants or healthy persons. Sick rooms are continually disinfected, and can then be perfumed by vaporizing Cologne. Of special service at night when patients are sleeping. Vaporizer, Lamp and Cresoline, \$1.50. Extra Cresoline 25c. & 50c. Sold by Druggists. Or a Vaporizer, Lamp and 2 bottles of Cresoline, securely packed, will be delivered free by Express anywhere in the U. S. on receipt of \$9.50, by

W. H. Schleffelin & Co., 170 Wm. St., N. Y.

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750,000 PRENTICES' PATENT EYEGLASSES SOLD.
40 years' experience in adapting glasses to vision.
PRENTICE & SON, General Opticians,
176 Broadway, N. Y. Catalogue free.



"I owe my Restoration to Health and Beauty to the CUTICURA REMEDIES."

Testimonial of a Boston Lady.

DISFIGURING Humors, Humiliating Eruptions, Itching Tortures, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Infantile Humors cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and thus removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Sunburn, and Greasy Skin.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, \$1. Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

FREE! Secure a Splendid Present by sending 50c. for 3 pks. of Chromo Cards, new and imported designs, or 50 for 10c. E. H. PARDEE, New Haven, Ct.

THREE REMARKABLE CASES

A PHYSICIAN'S ESTIMATE.

Dr. John W. Williamson, of Danville, Va., has been using Compound Oxygen in his own case and in a number of cases which he was not able to cure under ordinary medical treatment. Writing to us in regard to his estimate of the value of Compound Oxygen and of his theory as to the laws governing its action, he says:

"On this hypothesis only can I account for the extensive and remarkable curative powers of your Treatment; for it is certainly the most valuable and reliable treatment I know in all chronic diseases. It cures diseases of different types from the special diseases for which it is prescribed, as in my own case. For twenty-five years I had suffered with hemorrhoids, which had resisted all treatment, and I never expected to be relieved, but to my surprise, after I was cured of my bronchitis and lung trouble by the use of your Treatment for three weeks, I found myself entirely relieved of piles, and they have not returned.

"It is my opinion," says Dr. Williamson, "formed from close observations of the nervous system in a long professional career, that something like your Oxygen Treatment ought to be introduced for the relief of diseases. * * * Humanity is under inestimable obligations to you for the introduction of a treatment so valuable to cure them.

"I am now treating three cases of paralysis, two of which have improved in a week."

The following appeared in the editorial columns of the Salem (Mass.) Observer, November 10th, 1883, written by one of the proprietors of that journal:

A STATEMENT.

"The writer desires to call the attention of the readers of the Observer to an article known as 'Compound Oxygen,' manufactured and sold by Drs. Starkey & Palen, of Philadelphia. These gentlemen are not quacks, but intelligent physicians, who are held in high esteem in the circle of their acquaintances. The article which they manufacture is not a medicine, except in the sense that it is a remedy for disease. It is not a drug, but oxygen, that can be inhaled with even better results than one may derive from breathing pure mountain air.

"The writer speaks from personal knowledge, having sought relief from nervous prostration for a number of years by the methods ordinarily employed. Temporary relief was sometimes obtained, but nothing permanent was effected until he was induced to try 'Compound Oxygen.' The relief afforded by this remedy was so unconscious and effectual in its operation that even now it excites a feeling of wonder and mystery. The appetite was improved, sound and restful sleep was induced, and a general toning up of the whole system was the result, until my weight was greater than ever before, and where work had been for months a heavy burden it is now accomplished with comparative ease and pleasure. These results continue after a long abstinence from the use of C. O.

"This is not a paid notice. The writer never has, and never will receive any personal benefit from it.

It is written without the advice or knowledge of any one, in the interest of any reader of the Observer who may have been unable to obtain relief by the use of ordinary remedies. Any further information will be cheerfully given by the writer, or such information may be secured by addressing the parties above named.

"F. A. FIELDEN."

We copy from the Spencer (Indiana) Republican of November 14th, 1883, an account written by the editor of the remarkable recovery of a lady whose case was considered hopeless, her physicians having given her up to die. The statement is so clear, emphatic, and circumstantial that no comment on our part is needed. If Compound Oxygen will reach a case like this, what limit can be assigned to its curative power?

A REMARKABLE CASE.

"Mrs. Fleming, of Spencer, had been in declining health for twelve or fifteen years. She had suffered from dyspepsia, catarrh, and incidentally from other affections, and had grown weaker gradually until last spring, when she was greatly emaciated and unable to stand up a minute at a time. Her case was considered hopeless, and she was removed to her father's in the country, where it was expected that she would soon pass away with consumption. She had no appetite whatever, and the sight of food was disgusting. She weighed but eighty-three pounds, and was but a shadow of her former self. She had had hectic fever for several months, and had been given up by her physicians.

"Some time in May she was supplied with a small part of a Treatment of Drs. Starkey & Palen's Compound Oxygen, with a view of testing it a few days, and, if it proved beneficial, to procure a full supply and give it a fair trial. The trial was so satisfactory that in ten days she sent to Philadelphia for a Treatment of the Oxygen. From the first, such was its peculiarly soothing and beneficial effect, she was convinced that she had found something that would cure her, hopeless as her case seemed. Her rest at night, which had been broken by restlessness and loss of sleep, was improved from the first, and in less than a week she began to have a desire and relish for food. Gradually a decided improvement in other respects was plainly perceptible.

"This Treatment lasted her over three months. In the meantime she had gained four or five pounds in weight, and had returned to her home in Spencer. She is now taking the second Treatment, and her improvement is even more noticeable than during the first. She has a healthier color than for years past. While she is not yet well, she is confident that in time the Oxygen will effect a permanent cure.

"It has been a slow return to health, but it must be remembered that the decline had been slow and insidious, and that her case was thought to have been beyond the reach of medical science when she began the use of the Compound Oxygen, and that any recovery in a case so desperate must be regarded as almost miraculous.

"The above account can be verified at any time by any one desiring to do so. We believe it is not overdrawn, but rather understated."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature, and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

DEPOSITORY IN NEW YORK.—Dr. John Turner, 862 Broadway, who has charge of our Depository in New York city, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment and may be consulted by letter or in person.

DEPOSITORY ON PACIFIC COAST.—H. E. Mathews, 806 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment on Pacific Coast.

FRAUDS AND IMITATIONS.—Let it be clearly understood that Compound Oxygen is only made and dispensed by the undersigned. Any substance made elsewhere, and called Compound Oxygen, is spurious and worthless, and those who buy it simply throw away their money, as they will in the end discover.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN.

G. R. STARKEY, A. M., M. D.
G. E. PALEN, Ph. B., M. D.

1109 and 1111 Girard St. (Between Chestnut & Market), Phila., Pa.